Beaver Gen'l James A. Mech'l

THE REPUBLICAN.

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DIDN'T SHOW NEGLIGENCE COULDN'T GET DAMAGES

Suit Against Penna. Railroad Collapsed in Court.

ADJOURNED YESTERDAY

Two Days Sufficient to Dispose of Trial List for Second Week—Numerous Cases are Settled or Continued at Eleventh Hour.

Court convened on Monday morning at ten o'clock. The list of jurors was called over, excuses allowed for good and sufficient reasons, after which a number of motions and petitions as presented by the several members of the bar were heard and disposed of.

On motion of N. B. Spangler, Ivan Walker, a student at law for the past three years in Mr. Spangler's office, and who passed a satisfactory examination before the State Bar Examining Board, was admitted to practice in the several courts of Centre County.

Civil cases on last week's list and not heretofore reported were disposed of as follows:

Clement Dale, Executor of Austin Swisher Estate vs. Pearl C. Gray, Agent, being an appeal; continued pending terms of settlement.

G. Antis Confer and John G. Confer now to the use of G. Antis Confer vs. Chester L. Neft, being an appeal; settled.

The second week's trial list was gone over again on Monday morning and the following cases disposed of:

David McCloskey, William Hoover, Margaret Miller, Rebecca Welsh, Martha B. Iddings, Elsie Johnston, Adaline Wood, Jacob McCloskey, Emma Walker, Elizabeth S. Falls, Mary J. Sayer, Mary McCloskey, P. B. Iddings, Guardian of Elmer McCloskey, Ray McCloskey, Bernice McCloskey, minor children of Martha McCloskey, deceased, and Nathan W. McCloskey, vs. J. F. Young, being an ejectment; continued on account of being special.

Thomas Elwood Comley and Bessie Comley, his wife, vs. Thomas Kelley.

Reuben T. Comley and Amanda Comley, his wife, vs. same.

Both of these cases are actions in trespass and were continued at the costs of the defendant in the absence of a material witness but not to be continued again for the same cause.

Thomas Elwood Comley, and Bessie Comley his wife, vs. Harry P. Kelley.

Reuben T. Comley and Amanda Comley, his wife, vs. the same. Both of these cases are actions in trespass, grow out of the same transaction of the two cases just before this, and continued for the same cause.

Paul Rusnoveske vs. Dr. William Henderson, being an action in trespass; plaintiff suffered a voluntary non-suit at the request of his counsel.

Ellen E. Gray vs. Thomas R. Weber, Administrator of etc. of Jacob P. Weber deceased, with notice to all terre tenants, being an action of Scire Facias on Mortgage. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $3299.

Christian Buck, Daniel Buck and Joseph D. Buck, trading as C. Buck and Son, now use of Daniel Buck and Catherine E. Buck, Executors of etc. of Christian Buck, deceased, vs. Mary Denlinger Holt and J. Kennedy Johnston, administrators of etc. of J. H. Holt, deceased, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a judgment. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $8032.67.

Dora G. W. Spotts (formerly White) and James L. Hamill, administrator of etc. of William White, deceased, vs. same, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a judgment. Verdict $9585.23.

Same vs. Same, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a judgment. Verdict $15184.12.

John Nolan vs. Martin Nolan, Administrator of etc. of Patrick Flanagan, deceased. This case is from Rush Township and is an action brought to recover for six years boarding with the plaintiff at the rate of $20 per month, $5 per month to be credited on account of an indebtedness, and $15 per month to be paid in cash. $15 per month was paid by the decedent for six months of each year. There was no defense by the administrator and verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for $900.

Mrs. Kate E. Hastings, as an individual, vs. Kate E. Hastings, Administratrix of etc. of Enoch H. Hastings, deceased. This action is brought to recover for moneys loaned by Mrs. Hastings to her husband at sundry times from 1901 to the time of his death in 1911. The plaintiff having no notes therefor. There was no defense and verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for $2061. 51.

William J. Davis vs. F. H. Dale and William Biddle.

Same vs. Same. These two cases are from Rush Township and are actions in replevin, and when the cases were called for trial the defendants confessed judgment in favor of the plaintiff in open court in both cases under terms of settlement.

J. H. Lucas vs. Joseph Barnes, trespass; settled.

Joel. S. Royer vs Elizabeth S. Meyer and W. H. McIntyre, Admrs. etc. no defense. Verdict for $378.

James A. Davidson vs The Penn. Railroad Company, trespass for damages caused to his farm land and trees by the Bellefonte and Snow Shoe Railroad Company, as it passes through the plaintiff's farm going up Wallace Run. For damage caused by several fires a total of $332 was asked. At the close of the plaintiff's testimony counsel for the defendant announced that he would offer no testimony and moved the Court for binding instructions on the ground that the plaintiff had not made out a case by showing a negligent operation of its trains, or a negligent handling of the engine so as to be guilty of negligence. The motion was granted a verdict was rendered in favor of the defendant, and motion granted for new trial.

Frances Glovasky vs. Dusham Coal Mining Company. This case is from Rush Township, opposite the Borough of Osceola and is bronght to recover damages for running mine water and culm on the lot of the plaintiff and the sulphur fumes therefrom destroying vegetation. The plaintiff, however, having purchased her property from a man by the name of Mostyn, who had purchased from the Kittaning Coal Company, in which deed all mining reservations, including all water courses were reserved, at the close of plaintiff's own testimony on Wednesday morning the plaintiff suffered a voluntary non suit.

The Court then called for the District Attorney with a view of disposing of the criminal cases and pass sentence, but the District Attorney being out of town this matter was deferred until later in the week, after which Court adjourned.

In the absence of the regular Court stenographer Miss Belle Weaver, the Assistant Official stenographer, acted as stenographer in Court.

Foreign counsel present during the week were James A. Gleason, W. H. Patterson and Harry Boulton of the Clearfield Bar, and J. J. Kinter of the Clinton County Bar.

SENATOR CROW CHAIRMAN

Chosen Head of Republican State Committee at Reorganization Tuesday.

State Senator William E. Crow, of Fayette County, was elected chairman of the new Republican State Committee at a reorganization meeting of the committee held in Harrisburg on Tuesday. W. Harry Baker was elected secretary and Charles Johnson as treasurer.

Senator Crow was prominently mentioned for the Republican nomination for Governor in the campaign which resulted in the selection of Governor Tener He is well and favorably known throughout the State and is especially popular with the younger element in the party. When a young man he was engaged in newspaper work in Pittsburgh, later taking up the practice of law. Several weeks ago, while on a motor trip, Senator and Mrs. Crow and two sons spent the night here as guests at the Bush House.

Harry Baker, who becomes secretary of the State Committee, is thoroughly capable for the duties. He has a remarkably wide acquaintance and is popular with men of all parties. For a number of years he has been secretary of the State Senate. Mr. Johnson, the new treasurer of the committee, is the present Insurance Commissioner at Harrisburg.

Robbed Merchant.

Three masked robbers with an automobile last Friday night held up W. W. Magee, in his store at Magee's Mills, Clearfield county, and robbed him of $200 in cash and a number of checks and made good their escape. No description of the men could be secured while the description of the automobile was that it was a Ford touring car with the hood thrown back. Mrs. Magee, wife of the man who was robbed, was formerly Miss Bertha Long, of Howard, and is quite well known in Bellefonte.

Driver of Car Injured.

Max Haulton, of Philipsburg, was badly bruised and a motor car which he was driving demolished last Friday afternoon at Chester Hill, a mile or so west of that point. The steering gear broke and the machine overturned, throwing Haulton out. He was alone in the car at the time.

TWO WOMEN IDENTIFY PRISONER FOR HOLD-UP

Foreigner Who Held Up John Roush Further Implicated.

HEAVY SENTENCE DUE

Theodore Korniasen Identified on Monday by Philipsburg Women, as One of Trio who Held Them up While Driving on Lonely Road.

District Attorney Fortney on Monday had present in Court the two ladies who were held up on the public road in Rush Township by three men on the evening of Sept. 13, and from them taken some money bread and meat. Theodore Korniasen, alias Kappi, who was last week convicted as one of the highway robbers in the Millheim Narrows was brought into court. Mrs. Maude Davenport, being sworn stated she lived at Black Moshannon, and on the 13th of September had been to Philipsburg in company with Mary Miller and on their return home had been held up by three men near Bilger's, on Forge Run Hill. That the one man had stopped the horse, demanding "mon". That he whistled and two more men appeared and demanded the women's money. She positively identified the prisoner in court as the man who had caught the lines and stopped their horse and did the whistling That all three of the men wore dark clothes. Miss Miller, Mrs. Davenport's companion, corroborated the testimony of Mrs. Davenport in every particular, being positive that the man in court was the one who held the horse, and that he was the man who had taken the bread and meat out of the buggy, and that she would never forget his face. This testimony was brought into court for the purpose of further identification of the prisoner and to show that the robbers in the Millheim Narrows were the same who had robbed these women near Philipsburg just a few days before, of which an account was given in this paper at the time. The prisoner was remanded back to jail.

Rally Day Services.

The approaching Sunday, October 5th, will be a very interesting and important time in the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Bellefonte. It will be "Rally Day" in congregation and Sunday school. Preparations have been in progress for several weeks. All the departments of the Sunday school are to be represented in the session of Sunday morning, at 9.45 oclock. The "Older People," the Cradle Roll, the Home Department, the "Beginners," the Primary School, the Intermediates, the Adult School, the Organized Men's Bible Class, parents, friends, all are cordially invited and expected to join in the worship and joy of this Sunday School hour.

At 11.00 a. m. the pastor will conduct a service and preach a sermon in harmony with this happy occasion. At 6.30 p. m. a program of special music and interesting exercises will be given, in the Auditorium of the church, by the Sunday School. Whoever may read this notice is urged to regard it as a cordial invitation to be present and participate in the services of the day.

It will also be of interest to the community to know that an Evangelistic Campaign will begin, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Sunday, October 26th. These meetings will be conducted by the pastor, with the valued assistance of the noted Evangelist, Rev. R. R. Jones, familiarly known as "Bob" Jones, of Montgomery, Alabama. Mr. Jones will bring with him two men—a splendid singer, who will conduct the music, and the Rev. D. Guille, who will lead in Bible Study and personal work in soul winning. Three services will be held each day; morning, afternoon and evening. The local church is planning, praying and working for a genuine and gracious revival of religion in our community. The hearty interest of the people is desired, and the prayers and cooperation of all who love God, and human welfare.

Partnership Dissolved.

A business change of interest to the many friends of the well known firm of J. C. Stere & Sons., of Unionville, was announced this week. In the past the firm of J. C. Stere & Sons was composed of J. C. Stere, J. B. Stere and H. M. Stere. J. B. Stere has purchased the interest of H. M. Stere and the firm will be known in the future as J. C. and J. B. Stere. The business will be conducted at the old stand in Unionville, where the firm will be glad to welcome its patrons.

Read "The Republican $1 a year.

DEDICATE $50,000 CHURCH AT COLLEGE ON SUNDAY

Event of Interest to Presbyterians Throughout State.

IS HANDSOME EDIFICE

Built of Stone and of Gothic Architecture—Funds to Defray Cost Raised Among Presbyterians in all Parts of United States.

On Sunday, October 5th, there will be dedicated a Presbyterian Church in the Borough of State College, Pa., which will be of unique interest to the Presbyterians throughout the whole State.

Some years ago the churches throughout the country began to be aware that their young men, becoming students at State Universities, lacked close contact with their denominational church, and that however good the influences at their College, they came out as graduates having a four years' mental training with a consequent great change in mental outlook, and in the meantime had grown away from their church life.

It was determined by several denominations that this condition must be removed by providing a church relationship for the student during his four years' course, so that his church life might grow along with his mental development. The idea reached Pennsylvania from the West some years ago, and has been slowly developing.

The Presbyterians began to consider the matter about eight years ago, and their plans are now consummated in the completion of this beautiful new church.

State College had a Presbyterian Church which was self supporting, thriving, a good giver to benevolences, and not in any sense an organization needing [illegible] but was too small to permit its taking up this new idea, and the congregation was numerically too small to undertake the erection of a suitable building. The scheme was therefore evolved of having the local church supply what funds it would naturally need to build for itself a building adequate for local needs, and to have the Presbyterians throughout the State, organized as the Synod of Pennsylvania, supply sufficient funds to make the building large enough to give church advantages to their sons and daughters attending State College.

The agent in collecting these State funds was to be the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, which has supervision over the student life within this denomination throughout the United States.

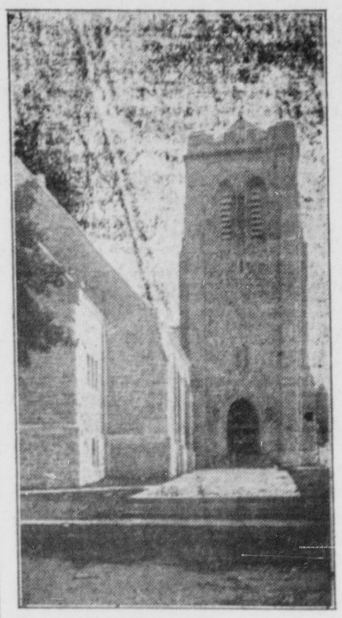
A little more than a year ago, sufficient financial support had been given to the scheme to justify the Building Committee in proceeding with the church. It was practically finished by the first day of September, and the dedication service next Sunday will find it complete throughout.

The building has been erected at a cost of about $50,000. It is of Gothic architecture and of stone construction. It is beautiful and commodious, without being expensively elaborate or too large for the work expected of it.

Even in the small building a considerable number of students attended the Sunday School and other services of the church, and now within three weeks after the completion of the building, the student attendance is greatly increased. Sunday morning Chapel attendance is compulsory at the College, but students who wish to attend the church of their own denomination in the town are excused if a request is made by their parents.

A plan is about to be introduced in the Presbyterian Church by which students being church members at home may bring such letters to the State College Church as will admit them as Associate Members; thus giving them a church home without severing their connection with their home church.

Many prominent Presbyterians of Pennsylvania are interested in this new move. Mr. Alba B. Johnson, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works and Elder in the Presbyterian Church at Bryn Mawr, is a member of the Building Committee. He has presented the church with a splendid bronze bell, weighing 2000 pounds. Mrs. Dr. Turner, of Philadelphia, whose husband was a former member of the Board of Education, gave the church a Haskell pipe organ. Professor John Hamilton, one of the founders of the church and an Elder since its organization, has presented a beautiful art window with the inscription "To the Memory of the Founders of This Church". Other donors have given gifts of furniture and money.



State College Presbyterian Church

The building stands on Beaver Avenue, in an offset in Frazier Street, facing directly down the latter street, the massive Gothic tower commanding a view of the street below.

At the dedication on Sunday next, the sermon will be preached by Rev. Joseph W. Cochran, D. D., Secretary of the Board of Education, and the dedication prayer will be offered by Rev. Walter K. Harnish, of Lemont. A very pleasant incident of the dedication week will be the fact that the Rev. R. P. Miller, of Philipsburg, Pa., who made the first motion in the Presbytery of Huntingdon, of which State College is a part, looking forward this movement, will preach on Friday evening, October 10th, a sermon preparatory to the first Communion to be held in the Church Sunday, October 12th.

The pastor is the Rev. Samuel Martin, a graduate of Lafayette College and Princeton Theological Seminary. He welcomes letters from parents and pastors of students in regard to their welfare and the students themselves are always welcome at the Manse.

BOY MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT

Lock Haven Youth Killed by Bullet from Target Rifle on Sunday.

A mysterious shooting that resulted in the death last Sunday of 14 years-old Reed McGill, a Lock Haven youth, while hunting chestnuts in the eastern end of Nittany valley is reported. A coroner's jury on Tuesday exonerated Edward Mayes, aged 14 years, and Russell Barner, aged 16 years, who reside on farms in the vicinity of the place where the shooting occurred. Following the inquest District Attorney Hall of Lock Haven procured the arrest of young Mayes, who is charged with having fired the fatal shot. Mayes will be given a hearing in a few days.

Young McGill, who was a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. McGill, of Lock Haven, was returning home from a chestnut hunt and while on the public road near the Moyer farm in East Nittany Valley, he suddenly threw up his arms and dropped in his tracks, dying a few minutes later. At first it was suspected that he had been seized with acute cramp caused by eating chestnuts and drinking cider. While his body was being prepared for burial the undertaker discovered a bullet wound in the boy's back. The wound was probed and a target rifle bullet was extracted. This led to an investigation and an inquest was held. At the inquest it developed that young Mayes and Barner, who are said to be industrious, well-behaved boys were in the mountains hunting chestnuts on Sunday afternoon, that each had a 22-calibre rifle and that both had been shooting indiscriminately. The supposition was that a stray bullet struck young McGill and caused his death. The coroner's jury did not consider the evidence conclusive and rendered a verdict which did not place the responsibility for the shooting. Not satisfied with this verdict District Attorney had a warrant issued for the arrest of young Mayes.

KILLED BY TRAIN

Orviston Man Had Head and Feet Severed on Railroad Saturday Night.

Hans Reidle, of Orviston, one of the crew on the construction train of the New York Central, met a horrible death on the tracks near that place on Saturday night. He was run down by a freight train, his head and feet being cut off and his body terribly mangled.

A coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the unfortunate man had come to his death by accident. Reidle was aged about 25 years and was unmarried. His body was removed to Blanchard for interment.

HORSE & BUGGY UPSET IN AUTO COLLISION

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Thompson, of Lemont, Have Close Call.

SUFFERING FROM SHOCK

W. C. Meyers, of Ferguson Township Lost Control of Brakes While Attempting to Pass Between Two Buggies—Horse Badly Injured.

John I. Thompson, business manager of The Pennsylvania State College, with Mrs. Thompson, figured in a thrilling automobile accident on Monday and their escape from serious injury seems almost miraculous. While driving between State College and their home at Lemont an automobile collided with their buggy and upset both buggy and horse. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were thrown out and for a short time it was impossible to determine the extent of their injuries. It subsequently developed that both were without fractured bones, although Mrs. Thompson was badly shaken up and suffered considerably from nervous shock.

The automobile was driven by W. C. Meyers, of Ferguson township. In some manner he lost control of the brake while attempting to pass between two buggies, one being that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. His car became entangled with the Thompson team and in an instant the latter was upset. The horse was pretty badly injured.

Paid Dearly For Experience.

W. V. Mateer, of Altoona, had to pay out upward of $150 to square things with two Bellefonte business men to whom he had given checks amounting to $126. However, he preferred doing that to encountering further complications. A short time ago Mateer disposed of a check for $74 for a few days' board at the Brockerhoff House. He also got rid of another for $52 at the store of Sim the Clothier. Both checks were declared worthless. Mateer, enroute from Williamsport to Tyrone, was taken off the train in Bellefonte by Chief of Police Dukeman. After doing some telephoning Mateer arranged with a friend at Altoona to meet him at Tyrone with sufficient money to settle things. Mateer, Squire Brown and a State policeman went to Tyrone in an automobile late last Thursday night and there Mateer obtained the money with which he redeemed the two checks, paid the costs and also the expenses for the automobile.

Child's Narrow Escape.

Emma Grace Snyder, the three-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Snyder, of Tyrone, had a miraculous escape from death on Saturday of last week. While attempting to run across the railroad track in front of a locomotive she was knocked down but fortunately fell into what is known as the gauge, or between the rails. The locomotive and two cars passed over her before the train could be stopped. To the surprise of all it was found that she was alive and that her only injuries were a few cuts and bruises of minor importance. The child's terrified mother was a witness to the accident.

Borough Treasurer Convicted.

William M. Lloyd, of Columbia county, formerly treasurer, of Northumberland county, who with his deputy, Mark L. Swab, of Sunbury, was charged with misappropriating county funds amounting to $19,947.38, was found guilty after midnight Saturday by a jury which deliberated six hours. Lloyd wept when the jury announced the verdict. During the trial he claimed that the office had been managed by his deputy. The deputy's trial has been continued.

Married at Howard.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at the United Evangelical parsonage at Howard, on Thursday last, September 25th. The contracting parties were Charles E. Clark, of Bellefonte, and Ella A. Neese, of Blanchard. The ceremony pronouncing them husband and wife was performed by the pastor, Rev. M. J. Snyder. We bespeak for this young couple a happy and prosperous wedded life.

Fire in Ferguson Twonship.

Fire last Wednesday night entirely destroyed the barn on the G. W. Ellenberger farm, near the Ross church in Ferguson township, better known as the David Ross farm. Most of the stock and implements were saved, but all this year's crops and two calves and eight shoats were burned. There was $4,000 insurance carried by the Centre Hall Co.

Henry Elway Dead.

Henry Elway, a well known and esteemed resident of Altoona, an ex-councilman, Civil war veteran and retired business man, died last Sunday evening at 9:45, of acute indigestion and general debility, at his residence in that city. Mr. Elway became ill about one week ago, although his condition was not regarded critical until Saturday morning. He failed to improve and grew rapidly worse until the end came.

Deceased was born in Gloucestershire, England, on September 27, 1827. His parents, the Rev. James and Sarah P. Elway, emigrated to America in 1830 and resided for a time in Philadelphia. Later the family moved to Centre county, and finally to Altoona. The son, Henry, was educated in the schools of the county and the Mt. Pleasant academy. His first occupation was that of a schoolmaster and this vocation he followed for a number of years. In 1858 Mr. Elway embarked in the mercantile business in Altoona and continued in this capacity until 1863, when he disposed of his interests in the business and enlisted for three months' service in Company D, Forty-sixth Pennsylvania infantry. When this enlistment expired, he re-enlisted for one year and was promoted to second lieutenant of Company I, Two Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania infantry. His company was attached to the second brigade, third division, Ninth army corps and underwent a period of excellent service in some of the principal battles of the war. On June 2, 1865, Mr. Elway was honorably discharged at Alexandria Va.

Upon his return to Altoona, he entered upon a business career for the second time. He proved to be highly successful and conducted his establishment until 1876, when he purchased a farm in Allegheny township, near Duncanville. He pursued the occupation of farming for fourteen years and finally returned to the city in 1890. Later he engaged in general contracting business from which he retired nine years ago.

Funeral of LeRoy A. Smith.

LeRoy A. Smith, only son of Edward and Mary Smith of Allentown, Pa., was born March 15, 1895 and entered into rest September 24, 1913. For sometime he had been employed as a fireman on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad with headquarters at Connellsville, Pa. For more than four weeks he suffered from typhoid fever in its severest form, and died at the Williamsport Hospital on the above date.

For him death was robbed of his sting and the grave of its victory. Death was not an unexpected nor an unwelcomed event. Through the falling tear the sorrowing ones clearly see the rainbow of hope. He was converted in early life and joined the Methodist Episcopal church at Unionville, Pa. He was quiet and unassuming in disposition, faithful to his friends and charitable to all.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. K. Ash of the Methodist Episcopal church at the home of Mr. George Emel, North Allegheny Street, Friday September 26, at 2 p. m., and the remains were laid to rest in Union cemetery. The following young men, his companions, acted as pallbearers: Forest Eckly, Harry McMurtrie, Willard Enheiser, Guy Housel, Malcolm and Raymond Spicer.

Animal Hunt Pictures.

Those who attend the exhibition of the pictures secured by Paul J. Rainey on his expedition to British East Africa, and which will be shown at Garman's Opera House, Friday and Saturday Oct 3 and 4th, must regret the loss of over nine thousand feet of film, owing to the London dock strike, but, fortunately, two of the most thrilling and unusual of the films were saved, affording the opportunity to follow in the chase of hunting leopards, and to ride full cry after a great lioness.

Mr. Rainey took with him about fifty dogs on this expedition. Hunters who had grown old in jungle lore, scoffed at the idea that they could run to earth the wild beasts, and predicted that few of the dogs would be alive at the end of the trip. That they little knew the intelligence and stamina of the American dog, is shown by the fact that only two of the animals were killed while on the hunt.

While the pursuit of a thrilling feature of this remarkable entertainment, the scenes on the sofari, as the expedition is called, at the two or three far separated farms where stops were made, the topographical features of the pictures are highly attractive.

Matinee Friday at 3.30 and Saturday at 2.30. Evenings at 8.30. Prices 25, 35 and 50c.

Harry E. Freeman Dead.

Harry E. Freeman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, and a brother of Mrs. Hugh N. Crider, of Bellefonte, died early last Thursday morning in the Mercy hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. He had been in failing health for some time. Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, interment being made at Tyrone. Deceased was born June 27, 1888, and was for a time employed in the office of Supervisor J. D. Lovell, at Tyrone, resigning a year ago on account of ill health. Surviving are his parents and two brothers and two sisters, Charles and James C. Freeman and Mrs. Harold Biddle, of Tyrone, and Mrs Hugh N. Crider, of Bellefonte.

HER PROPOSAL

A Story of Fisher Folk

By F. A. MITCHEL

The coast of Maine is dotted with villages, snugly located in the little coves which dent the islands, forming a continuous archipelago from Portland to the bay of Fundy. The men in these villages fish all the year round, except for a short season in midsummer, when they use the motorboats for taking out sailing parties on various excursions, for which they receive good pay.

In one of these villages lived two fishermen whose ownership and management of a boat gave them the title of captain. They were Captain Steve Williams and Captain Enoch Brown. Williams was older than Brown, but they were stanch friends. Both of them knew so well the rocks and shoals of the coast in which they were used to fish that they could sail around them or between them in the darkest night.

They set their nets just before darkness fell upon the ocean and took them in soon after dawn. It was a hard life, this being exposed to the winds and waves when others were asleep and sleeping while others were awake, but so long as they were young they did not mind it—that is, when the weather was fair. When it was stormy they did not go out to fish, but many a night a change would come, and, being out, they were obliged to endure the exposure till they could make the cove from which they had started.

Captain Steve Williams was married, and many a time when storms arose while he was out in his boat his wife would lie awake dreading with every shriek of the wind that it might be blowing her husband on some sunken rock. She would clasp her little daughter, Edith, tightly to her breast and mutter a prayer for the man plying his perilous vocation.

Captain Brown had no wife to pray for him. He had passed the heyday of youth and had not married, though he could have won almost any of the girls of the village. He was a well built man with a clear steel gray eye—an eye that bespoke courage and honesty. But the winds and the spray had begun to plow furrows in his cheeks, and a few gray hairs were beginning to appear in his sandy hair.

When Edith Williams was a little child she was sensible of there being a great trouble in the family. A man came to the house and took her father away with him, her mother clinging to her husband, weeping. Edith did not see her father for some time; then he came home, and the trouble seemed to be over. It occurred when she was at an age in which children forget, but she never forgot the scene of her father's being taken away. And there was another scene she remembered, her father holding one of Captain Brown's hands while her mother held the other, and they were talking to him with great earnestness.

But both these scenes, though not forgotten, grew dim in her memory as she grew away from them. Perhaps they were dwarfed by others that were present with her. Her father, who was never the same man after the misfortune that had come to him, began to dread going out at night on the black ocean to gain a livelihood for those dependent upon him. And his wife dreaded to have him go as much as he dreaded going.

Edith wished that the fish would go into the nets during the day as well as during the night. She wished that her father could devote himself to some other calling. And yet when now and then he would make a great haul and dispose of it for a large sum it would not seem so dreadful after all—at least he would not so consider it himself.

And so the battle for life with the winds and the waves went on. The two captains weathered every tempest, every fog, in which they were caught. At last a little germ so small that it could be seen only with a microscope got into Captain Williams' system and effected what the angry breakers rolling over some half hidden rock were powerless to do. The fisherman died quietly in his bed.

He had wrung from the sea enough to pay for the home in which he lived, besides a fund for an income by which, living economically, his wife and daughter might keep the wolf from the door. But his wife could not live without him. There was now nothing to worry her, but when the wind howled at night, from force of habit, she would waken and think of the little boat out on the dark, heaving ocean, the solitary man in it feeling his way like a blind person. While she was sinking away, at the slightest sound she would start, inquiring if it were not the melancholy foghorn or a gun from a sinking ship, and at the last she was sure she heard the thin clang of a distant bell buoy.

Edith was now alone. There were friends and acquaintances in plenty, but they were like persons in another boat, liable to drift away at any moment. One, and only one, seemed left of those she had been accustomed to regard a part of the household, Captain Brown.

A few days after the death of her mother Edith was sitting in the living room of her home. She had taken up some sewing more for occupation than anything else, and in her loneliness tears were dropping on her work. Hearing a sound, she looked up and saw Captain Brown. He had entered as he had been used to enter, without knocking. She smiled at him faintly through her tears. He was all that was left of the three who had composed her little world. He sat down before her and looked at her pityingly with his gray eyes.

"Edith," he said, "I've come to say something to you. Your father and mother being gone, you have no one to rely on."

"Yes; I have you. Father often told me that if he were taken away from me I could count on you for anything."

The fisherman winced. He had something on his mind, something he had dreamed without hope of its realization. He had long wished for Edith's love, the love of a woman, not a child, for a man. Now that she was left alone there seemed a possibility that he might induce her to look upon him as a suitor. But he had been twenty years old when she was born, and she had been accustomed to think of him as something akin to a father. Her reception of the opening of the proposal he intended discouraged him.

"But what is it you have to say to me?" she added, seeing that he was drawing back within himself. Her question was accompanied by a reassuring smile. It brought him courage.

"I don't see how you can live here alone," he said, "and you have no relative to come and live with you. I was your father's friend. He was like a brother to me, and I've missed him since he left us pretty nigh as much as you have."

She interrupted him. Whether it was to stave off what she saw was coming or from a sincere desire to know the truth he could not be sure.

"Tell me," she said, "what was the trouble that came to the family when I was a little girl, and what was your connection with it."

"Your father told me that if I felt it would be safe to intrust you with the secret after you had become a woman and he had gone I had his permission to do so."

"Intrust me! Did father doubt that I might safely be intrusted with any secret?"

"Not as a woman, only as an irresponsible child. I will tell you all. I ought to tell you, for there is a reason in it for my not saying what I have intended to say. There was a man, a miserly wretch, who held a mortgage on this house. Your father was having hard luck with his nets about that time and couldn't pay the interest. The old skinflint wrote him that he was going to foreclose the mortgage. Your father went to see him about the matter and there were high words between the two. The next morning the miser was found murdered."

Edith leaned forward to catch every word, a look of dread on her face.

"Your father was arrested charged with the murder. Nobody doubted that he was guilty, and since a number of criminals had shortly before got off by the inefficiency of the law a number of men determined in this case to be the law themselves. I got wind of the move and, taking my gun, went to the jail to help the sheriff protect your father. Nearing it, I saw the men advancing to attack it. Taking position behind a tree, I fired several shots at them."

The captain paused.

"Well?" queried Edith.

"I killed one of them."

"Go on."

"They supposed my shots came from the jail. They all went away. You are the only person now living who knows that there is blood on my hands."

She reached for the hand on which there was blood and asked him to go on.

"Not long after this the police ran in a criminal with some money and other property on him that had belonged to the murdered man. He confessed to the murder, and your father was released."

With a sigh of relief Edith drew away and, resting her head on the high back of the chair in which she sat, covered her face with her hands. Her companion waited for her to recover from her emotion. Presently she withdrew her hands and said:

"Go on."

"There's nothing more to tell," the captain said. "I wanted to give myself up and take the consequences of the killing I had done, but your father and your mother dissuaded me. They said it was perfectly legitimate and by it I had saved your father's life, for it turned out that the sheriff was unprepared to defend him and was ready to give him up to the men who had brought with them the wherewithal to execute him. I suppose this is true, but I think I would have felt better all these years if I had confessed."

"Never mind that now. What was it you were going to tell me before this digression?"

"I can't do it."

"Then I will."

She threw her arms about his neck and said: "You will need some one to take the place of those who doubtless did what they could to make you feel satisfied that you did right in defending an innocent man even though you took a life in doing so. I will be that person."

The story was told, though it was the woman who told it. And now another wife lies at night thinking of a fisherman out on the black waters under the dome of heaven waiting for the fishes to come into his net. When the moon glints the waves she sleeps calmly, but when she hears the wind rising or the deep moan of the foghorn she shudders.

Racing In Ancient Rome.

Ancient Rome had its racing and its popular and well paid jockeys. Betting ran high, and the excitement of the people over the races and their favorite color frequently led to bloodshed. Caligula—he who made a consul of his horse—passed most of his time rioting with the charioteers. The circus was the place for the racing. The largest of them, the Circus Maximus, about 21,000 feet long, could accommodate 480,000 spectators. Seven times was it necessary to race round the spina, a low stone wall running down the center of the circus. The jockeys drove in a light chariot—usually four in each race—and wore close fitting tunics and leather caps of distinguishing colors. That the profession was a paying one we learn from ancient writers, money prizes and wages being paid. The jockey Crescens at the age of twenty-two had amassed a fortune, and Diocles, the king of jockeys, left to his son more than $1,000,000.

Beyond Words.

When Senator James Hamilton Lewis was practicing law in Seattle he had for a client an old lady who was afflicted with asthma. She came four times a year to have the colonel make out her pension papers. The colonel never failed to show a tender solicitude in her welfare and always received a wheezy but pleased response.

One morning when the colonel asked his question about her health the old lady turned to her granddaughter, who accompanied her, and motioned. The girl stood and stared. The old lady wigwagged frantically. The girl looked stolidly at her. The old lady wheezed and coughed and panted. The girl stared straight before her.

Finally the old lady burst out furiously:

"Drat you, Mary Louise! Didn't I tell you you would have to talk for me? Can't you see I can't say a word to save my life?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Ugly Buckingham Palace.

Buckingham palace provoked characteristic expressions of contempt from Mr. Creevy. "The new palace still remains the devil's own," he wrote in 1828. And in 1835, after he had been over it, he wrote: "Never was there such a specimen of wicked, vulgar profusion. It has cost a million of money, and there is not a fault that has not been committed in it. You may be sure there are rooms enough and large enough for the money, but for staircases, passages, etc., I observed that instead of being called Buckingham palace it should be the Brunswick hotel. The costly ornaments of the state-rooms exceed all belief in their bad taste and every species of infirmity. Raspberry colored pillars without end that quite turn you sick to look at, but the queen's papers for her own apartments far exceed everything else in their ugliness and vulgarity."—London Spectator.

Where Cato Was Remembered.

In 1798 the little settlement around Fort Schuyler, New York, aspired to the dignity of a village charter and the question of a new name arose. A number of the citizens met in Bagg's tavern to discuss the matter, and it was decided to draw lots for the name, each person present to deposit in a hat a slip of paper with his choice written thereon. The first name drawn out was to be the one accepted. Thirteen slips were deposited, and the first one drawn forth chanced to be that written by Erastus Clark, a man of scholarly interests, as was illustrated by his choice. He had done honor to his favorite Roman, Cato, by inscribing on his slip the home of Cato's adoption in Africa. Thus was Utica, N. Y., named.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Collector's Bequest.

"My wish is that my drawings, my prints, my curiosities, my books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passerby. But I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again in each case to some inheritor of my own tastes."—From the Will of Edmond de Goncourt.

Reasonable Suspicion.

"I don't know what to think of my husband."

"Why?"

"He seems almost too good lately to be true. When I got him to help me rearrange some of the furniture yesterday he skinned his knuckles and didn't blame it on me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

To Remove a Splinter.

Wash with soap and water. Dip the member in diluted alcohol or pour this over it. Sterilize in alcohol a needle and the fingers of the hand that is to hold the needle; then pick out the splinter and pour diluted alcohol into the wound.

Mothers' Pensions.

The idea of granting pensions to mothers in recognition of the service they rendered the state originated in Australia, where women vote.

Brown's Son.

The ending "ing" to a surname simply means "son of." Thus Browning means "son of Brown," and Dunning "Dunn's son."

What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation.—Thoreau.

Attention! Householders!

If not, commence now and keep it up. The time for starting fires is now on and all chimneys and flues should be thoroughly cleaned. Act and get your neighbors to do the same. Its money in your pocket.

Your insurance rates are high, why? Because you do nothing towards prevention of fire waste. You throw rubbish about and forget it until a fire starts, then you say, was I going to clean up, but, you didn't, and the loss is yours and your neighbors. Perhaps a life or so is lost through your carlessness; stop that carelessness now. Clean up and keep clean.

Do you know it cost you $3.00 per year for yourself, wife and each of your children to pay the fire losses in the United States. Figure it out and see if you would not rather pay as Europe does only 33c per capita. That's saving money. Help to reduce it in this country by keeping your building in good repair and free from all waste matter that might cause fires. See that your neighbors do the same.

If Europe burned property as the United States burns it there would be several of the Nations sold by auction to the biggest bidder.

Forgetting your danger from fires won't stop a blaze from starting. Its up to you to see there is nothing about to start fires. Don't think because you never had a fire that you won't. To be sure, use care to prevent one.

Politics may affect business but it won't cut into the fire loss. You have to do that by preventing the possibility. Will you? Do it now. Don't wait until tomorrow. Clean up and keep at it. Yours respectfully, J. L. BALDWIN.

State Fire Marshal.

The Late Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: Late northern crops like corn were pretty well matured before frost arrived; freezing weather was general in the northwest this week, and aside from some little damage in Iowa, the crop was out of danger from this trouble. Late rains did not help corn, but did benefit pasture and facilitated winter-wheat plowing and planting. The seeding season is slightly late, in Kansas especially so, but it is thought the decrease in planting, if any, will be slight.

Spring-wheat threshing from shock is about finished in the American northwest, and movement is large, but not nearly so large, however, as is the movement in the Canadian northwest, where banks, railroads and farmers are pushing the grain to market. Winnipeg this week had larger receipts of wheat than all the American spring-wheat markets combined.

Claims of a shortage of 40 per cent. in the Maine potato crop is the largest on record, and is being rushed to market.

All-Steel Business Cars.

Two all-steel business cars to be used by officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad to transact railroad business while traveling, will soon be finished at the Pennsylvania Railroad's shops in Altoona, Pa.

In a railroad system like the Pennsylvania, with some 11,000 miles of line and with extensive terminals located in many cities, it is necessary for the officials to spend much time traveling from place to place to confer with local officers and to inspect various parts of the road. By the use of the business cars last year Pennsylvania officials while traveling 159,517 miles, were able to conduct the affairs of the railroad just as if they had been in their own offices. The business cars are provided with typewriter desks, maps, a compilation of statistics, and other office paraphernalia.

Since the Pennsylvania System, in 1906, began the construction of all-steel passenger equipment, four steel office cars have been built. This includes the two which are not yet finished.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

Everybody Wants It.

Two men were standing on the corner talking. Said one: "The greatest business experience I ever had was when Sam and I went into the florist business. It was a successful failure and we divided up stock and quit. I got the plants and crocks."

"What did Sam get?" asked his friend.

"Oh, he got the earth."

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels., so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

White Flame

Full, clear—never flickers

FAMILY FAVORITE

The Best Lamp Oil

At Your Dealers.

For the sake of the family's eyes.

FREE—320 page book—all about oil.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gasolines Lubricants

Car Load of Polar Bears.

A car load of 35 polar bears, enroute from Alaska to Trenton, N. J., attracted no little attention during a temporary lay-over at Clearfield last Thursday. While the train was near Rocktown taking water one of the smaller of the bears succeeded in wriggling through a broken slat in the car. Engineer Clarkson, who was out of the cab oiling his engine, was first to discover the attempted escape and armed with nothing but a pair of heavy buckskin gloves, made for the bear and succeeded in grabbing it by the neck and one fore leg, meanwhile yelling for help. The man in charge of the bears heard Clarkson's cries and quickly taking in the situation was soon at the side of the brave engineman and between the two they succeeded in shoving him back through the hole among his very much excited fellows. Meanwhile the bears were doing some awful roaring, their blood-curding yells resounding through the mountains in terrifying manner.

Officers Installed.

District Deputy Grand Patriarch M. L. Altenderfer, of Bellefonte, conducted the installation of officers of Summit Encampment No. 74, I. O. O. F., at State College, on Tuesday night of last week. He was assisted by Past Chief Patriarchs Frank P. Knoll, Clark Herman, F. H. Koons, Michael Womer and Robert Edmiston. Those from here who accompanied Mr. Altenderfer to the ceremonies were David Barlett, George H. Hazel, Edward Owens and Samuel D. Gettig. The officers installed were the following:

Chief patriarch, Charles E. Musser, senior warden Wallace Woomer; junior warden, John M. Shope; high priest, Clayton Etters; treasurer, George Glenn; financial scribe, Harry E. Woomer; recording scribe, George B. Jackson; guide, Clark Herman; watches—first, William Kennedy; second, C. Meginnes-Hoover; third, Robert Edmiston; fourth, George B. Kline; inside sentinel, F. H. Koons; outside sentinel, Frank P. Knoll; guards of the tent, P. B. Meek and Michael Womer.

After the Fall Work is Done.

Why not enter the Lock Haven Normal School October 27th? You can spend seven and a half weeks there for $36.25 if you are over seventeen and intend to teach. The winter term will begin January 5th. Write for catalogue, to Dr George P. Singer, Principal. 10-2-3t.

Learn Something

to your advantage.

Write for our booklet entitled "What would you like to know." It explains our methods of suppling confidential information. Mailed on request, No Charge

THE WORLD INFORMATION ASSOCIATION.

1152 Bowling Green Building, New York

For Sale

Located in Milesburg Borough.

Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last fall with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with his home about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45½x78ft, 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

MRS. ADA . BULLOCK,

State College, Pa.

Doctors Use This for Eczema

Dr. Evans, Ex-Commissioner of Health, says: "There is almost no relation between skin diseases and the blood." The skin must be cured through the skin. The germs must be washed out, and so salves have long ago been found worthless. The most advanced physicians of this country are now agreed on this, and are prescribing a wash of wintergreen, thymol and other ingredients for eczema and all other skin diseases. This compound is known as D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema.

Dr. Holmes, the well known skin specialist writes: "I am convinced that the D.D.D. Prescription is as much a specific for eczema as quinine for malaria. I have been prescribing the D.D.D. remedy for years." It will take away the itch the instant you apply it.

In fact, we are so sure of what D.D.D. will do for you that we will be glad to let you have a $1 bottle on our guarantee that it will cost you nothing unless you find that it does the work.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

ON THE LONG TRAIL

Strange Things Happened There

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Beth Cushman was riding home by way of the long trail. It was a yielding to sentiment that Beth herself despised, but she could not help it when she came to the crossroads.

The long trail had been her favorite ride with Miles Hill, but that handsome cowpuncher had ceased to call upon Miss Cushman.

From the trail she could look down into a little canyon through the middle of which rushed a frolicsome stream. On the bank of the stream there stood a horse and rider, a girl on a cream colored pony.

Beth drew a jealous breath, for she could see that the girl was lovely in a blond, golden haired, pink and white way.

As she gazed down there, the white pony lipped the stream and, out from the rocks of the canyon, there dashed a horse and rider. It was Miles Hill, riding black Poncho. Beth caught her breath as the man rode rapidly toward the girl, bent swiftly to kiss her and, with his arm around her slender waist, the two forded the stream and rode rapidly up the canyon and disappeared from view.

Entirely heartsick, but with a brave smile on her lips, Beth sat down to supper that night.

Her uncle, a morose, taciturn man, ate silently and swiftly, and rising, went away on some official errand, for he was sheriff of the county.

Mrs. Colt and her two daughters breathed a little easier after his departure and began to talk to the two cowboys who ate with the family.

"Pa hasn't said anything, but I reckon he's off on that Tinkerman case," observed Mrs. Colt.

"I reckon he is," returned Link Patterson, buttering another biscuit.

"Some one said Miles Hill had disappeared from the range," went on Mrs. Colt, with a side glance at her niece.

"Jameson hinted that Miles was mixed up in the Tinkerman raid," put in Louise Colt eagerly.

"Jameson better try again. There ain't a squarer fellow nowhere than Miles Hill," muttered Link.

"Where is Miles, then?" demanded Cora.

"Miles? Why, I can't say exactly. It's sort of a secret, you know, ma'am." Link grew very red and looked at Beth's pathetic face.

Beth lifted her head haughtily. Her eyes flashed splendidly.

"I don't know why his whereabouts should be a secret," she said nervily. "I saw him today."

"Oh, you did?" queried Link, relieved, and Sammy Smith asked quickly:

"I reckon it 'twan't far from Little canyon, Miss Beth."

"It was right there. He was riding with a girl, a very pretty girl," said Beth bravely.

There was nothing more said concerning Miles Hill, and after supper Beth went to her room and rested her weary head on the sill, letting the cool, sweet air caress her flushed cheeks and dry the tears on her lashes.

Link and Sammy rode away, and from the overcrowded bunk house came talk and laughter and song as the cowboys prepared themselves for some merrymaking in the town, five miles distant.

After they, too, had clattered away and Sam Soy had ceased to rattle dishes in the kitchen silence fell on the ranch house and its inhabitants.

From the veranda below Beth caught the drift of voices now and then through the confusion of other sounds, but after it grew very still the voices came up sharply penetrating.

"I think your pa was too severe with Miles Hill," said Mrs. Colt. "He sure was plumb set after Beth, and it showed he was honorable to speak to Henry about it first."

"Miles isn't poorer than any other cowpuncher around here, and plenty of them marry and setttle down," agreed Cora, who was fond of her little cousin.

"I heard him tell pa that if he'd name the sum he thought he ought to have before he asked Beth to marry him he said he would have it," put in Louise.

"How much did pa tell Miles he must raise?" asked Cora.

"Five hundred dollars," laughed Louise. "I heard poor Miles telling him it would take him a whole year to do that out of his pay and then his clothes would be so shabby Beth wouldn't look at him by that time!"

"What did pa say to that?"

"He just laughed, and then Miles got angry and said he'd show him a thousand dollars before he'd ask him, and he went off in a rage, and I haven't seen him since."

"Beth, poor child, said she saw him with another girl," worried kind Mrs. Colt.

"It's a shame!" cried Louise. "I'll just scold Pa Colt when I get hold of him! See if I don't."

Beth withdrew from the window and went to bed. There was a singing in her heart because Miles Hill had loved her, whatever his wandering heart was doing now. He had asked her uncle for her hand, and Uncle Henry had refused, but there was a measure of comfort in the thought that Miles had not been deliberately faithless. He had been turned away, and the blond girl had tempted him.

The girl fell asleep to dream of her lover and the pretty girl who had waited for him in Little canyon and who had received his kiss upon her lips with airy nonchalance.

It was perhaps a week after that Beth Cushman once more rode home by the long trail. This was not from desire. Stern necessity demanded the change of route because during a severe windstorm there had been several trees uprooted along the short trail and a landslide had completed its destruction.

So it happened that Beth rode slowly along the familiar way, her eyes fixed on the little space between Bonnie's brown ears.

She had passed Little canyon without a glance into its green depths and was climbing the hill when she suddenly came to the top, where a thrilling scene was taking place.

Riding straight toward her was a most villainous looking Mexican, and in the curve of his left arm he carried the slender form of the beautiful blond whom she had seen with Miles. Shouting down the distance came Miles, bending over his horse in vain pursuit of the Mexican.

While she paused there, startled at the scene, a shot rang out from the bushes bordering the trail, and Miles threw up his hands and fell to the ground. The horse cropped the grass undisturbed by the still form of his master lying so near.

All this happened in a breath. When Miles fell the Mexican was still coming toward Beth. A great rage filled her soul with a mad desire to kill, to avenge the life of her old sweetheart.

A word to Bonnie, and Beth dashed into the scene, her revolver thrust into the face of the frightened Mexican.

"Give her to me! Let go! I'll kill you if you don't!" she screamed in his ear.

He released his hold on the girl, and Beth clutched her in strong arms and swung her across her saddle; then she dashed past the Mexican and guided Bonnie to where the prostrate Miles lay on the ground.

"You're safe now," assured Beth as she helped the girl to the ground and then dismounted. To her surprise the girl stared at her rather impudently until a smile crinkled the corners of her rouged lips.

"Say, Miss Buttinsky, what do you mean by queering this picture?" she asked sharply. "Wait until old Fennell gets up here. I guess you've spoiled thirty feet of perfectly ripping film."

"Picture?" faltered Beth. "Film? I don't know what you mean."

The girl laughed gleefully and clapped her hands at a stout, red faced man who came panting toward them.

"Don't have a fit, Fennell," she said saucily. "It's only another tenderfoot taking a movie picture for the real thing."

But Mr. Fennell was grinning with enthusiasm.

"It was great—great—Flora!" he cried. "Young lady, I must have you in this. What say? Could you do that stunt again?"

Beth looked at him in a bewildered way, and her blushes deepened when she noticed that Miles Hill had risen quite unhurt and was regarding her with grave interest in his brown eyes.

"Perhaps you will explain it to me. I've never been called a tenderfoot before." Beth smiled at the girl called Flora, and the girl nodded back in a friendly way. The Mexican had approached and was nonchalantly rolling a cigarette, while from the underbrush there crawled another actor of the cowboy type. It was this worthy who had fired the blank cartridge from ambush at Miles Hill.

Mr. Fennell explained all about his company of moving picture actors and how this particular film was to be a star production if it turned out well. And he wanted Beth to help them out by repeating her rescue of Flora from the dark browed Mexican, who in real life was her husband.

So the camera man threaded up his machine again, and the scene was repeated to the great satisfaction of Mr. Fennell and all concerned.

At last the company separated, the actors going back to their headquarters at Red Ford and Miles Hill riding slowly home with Beth, who had so unexpectedly come into her own again.

"You thought I was dead, honey?" he asked after awhile.

She nodded. "And I saw you and Flora in the canyon the other day," she added.

"You mean where I kiss her and ride upstream?"

"Yes—I—er—believed it was true Miles."

He laughed tenderly. "It couldn't be, dear, because there's only one girl in the world for me, and she's so fine that when she saw the girl she thought was mine being carried off by a no 'count greaser she just naturally would not stand for it, but rushed in and rescued the girl for me."

Beth blushed hotly, but her eyes were very happy.

"I heard about your asking uncle," she said. "Is that why you are acting in this moving picture company, so that you can raise a thousand dollars?"

"To marry you at once," he smiled down at her. "You see, I'll have the money saved up in three months. Fennell's going to get out four more of these wild and woolly western plays, and I'm going to be in every one of them. I guess you might as well begin on your wedding clothes, dearie."

"And I thought it was the blond all the time, Miles," she whispered tearfully.

"Don't pin your faith on blonds honey," he cautioned. "They always do the contrary things. This time it was not the blond; it was all for you."

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimation of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for."

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, underground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year, and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties or municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Bulls In Calf Stories.

Mr. Chancellor of Hoxton (or Haggerston or some other corner of northeast London) was dilating before the committee one day on the horrors of inoculation and vivisection, writes a member of parliament in London Opinion, and harrowed the feelings of his hearers by telling them about some calves which had been inoculated and assuring the committee that two years later the calves were still suffering from the effects.

It happens that on this committee is Edward Kelly, a cultured and witty young Celt. "Kelly, from the isle of Erin," at once sprang to his feet and electrified his fellow members by saying, "Mr. Chairman—on a point of order—would the honorable member kindly explain how the calves could still be calves two years later?"

Mr. Chancellor must, I fear, be first cousin to the preacher who, discoursing on the prodigal son and the fatted calf, informed his congregation that the calf had been the cherished possession of the family "for years and years and years."

Change of Front.

On a murder case in one of the southern states an old mountaineer was called as witness. The defending lawyer was cross examining him.

"You say you saw this murder committed?"

"Yaas."

"How far were you from the spot where it took place?"

"'Bout a quarter mile."

"What time was it when this deed was done?"

"'Bout half past 8."

"On the date this murder was supposed to be committed it would be almost totally dark, and you mean to say you could see distinctly what happened at that time at a quarter of a mile distant?"

The old mountaineer shuffled his feet, changed his quid and stretched. "Oh, well," he said as he started to leave the witness chair, "I don't give a golldarn about this trial anyway."—Everybody's.

[illegible]

A [illegible] was "[illegible]ing in the dressing room, when a [illegible], who happened to open the door in mistake, stepped across the threshold and stood spellbound watching the performer, who was apparently tied in a knot on top of his trunk.

Noticing the look of consternation on the face of the unintentional intruder and resolving to have some fun at his expense, the contortionist assumed a look of deepest agony and groaned weakly.

"By gravy! that's the last time I'll ever eat cucumbers for supper!"—Judge.

Misunderstood.

The baby was slow about talking and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French."—Lippincott's.

Reassured.

"Daughter," called the irate father from his position at the top of the stairs, at the well known hour of 11:55 p. m., "doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

"Does he?" echoed the young lady in the darkened hall. "Well, I should say he does."—Pittsburgh Post.

Poverty.

"The advantages of poverty are overrated," said a man who had experienced it. "The rich declare that poverty brings out a man's good points. Well, so it does—by the roots."

Remedy your deficiencies and your merits will take care of themselves.—Bulwer.

Wagner's Second Marriage.

The Paris Weekly Revue relates from letters hitherto unpublished the exciting story of Wagner's second marriage. All the world knows that he married, after the necessary divorce, the wife of Hans von Bulow, but all the world does not know that there was a rival applicant for his heart and hand. This was Malwine Schnorr, the singer who had just created the part of Isolde in his "Tristan," and the cause of Malwine Schnorr was championed by another artiste named Isidore de Reuter, who announced herself as a prophetess, charged with a divine message to the musician. The message was to the effect that Wagner must marry Malwine and must at the same time persuade the king of Bavaria to marry Isidore herself. Wagner tells the story of his embarrassment in a letter to his friend, Auguste Roecker, and it appears that he only succeeded in peacefully marrying the lady of his choice after the king had, at her request, expelled the two other ladies from his dominions.

Thin Glass and Thick.

Glass is a substance that we cannot figure the strength of as we can a great many other things with which we are familiar. It varies greatly in itself. The strongest glass, as a rule, breaks into the greatest number of fragments. Comparing the strength of thin glass with thick, the former is relatively the stronger. This is a thing very often lost sight of. Then, again, as to the difference between rough plate and polished plate, we find polished plate the stronger. This is perhaps to be attributed to the fact that all these very fine surface hair cracks are polished out. These only go into the glass to a certain depth, and when they are all or nearly all polished and ground off there is less chance for some of them to form the basis of a crack, and thereby the glass is increased in strength. Tests have been made, and some formulae have been arrived at. As was to be expected, they show very irregular results as to the strength of glass.

Women Who Do Not Count.

The female of the species in Montenegro is chiefly a beast of burden. Her status is low on account of her sex. It matters not that she bears men; she does not bear the rifle and is not therefore a fighting unit. She is, in fact, introduced to the world with an apology. A man will announce the birth of a daughter to his friends with the words, "Comrades, excuse me—a girl."

Until thirty years ago the population was only counted as so many "rifles"—that is to say, supposing one of the walled villages to contain 200 men, each with his "handjar" and rifle; 200 women, 300 children, with forty lusty boys, of whom thirty were able to shoot and had guns, and, say, sixty old men and women, then that place would be said to have 230 inhabitants, nonfighters going uncounted.—"Peeps at Many Lands."

Bermuda.

Bermuda enjoys the distinction of being the only British colony mentioned in Shakespeare. And his way of spelling it—the "still vexed Bermoothes"—is more correct and grammatical than that used today. Bermuda is plural, not singular. It is really an archipelago or cluster of 300 small islands—very small, seeing that all told they do not aggregate more than nineteen square miles. Bermuda is less than 600 miles from the coast of the United States. The exceptional mildness and salubrity of its climate have made it during recent years a favorite winter resort with well to do Americans. According to statistics, these visitors number some 30,000 a year. Mark Twain was a regular winter resident of Bermuda.

An Absolute Vacuum.

Q.—When a bottle of milk is emptied it contains air; when the air is pumped out there is a vacuum. My friends cannot tell what is in the bottle. Can you explain?

A.—But the air cannot be entirely pumped out. Humans so far have not secured an absolute vacuum. If they could, then the bottle by some is supposed to contain ether. But the existence of ether has not been proved. And then the bottle might contain three or four septillions free electrons, all beyond human research to discover.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

A Cosmic Reflection.

"Here," said the man of pensive mien, "is something that I dashed off in an idle hour."

"Well," said the man beside the waste basket, "that's no reason for printing it. There is no use of idly consuming both time and space."—Washington Star.

The Principal Thing.

Mother—Katherine, what are the intentions of that young man you are permitting to call on you so often? Daughter—Never mind that, mother; I know what my intentions are.—Boston Transcript.

Strawberries.

A great many people are under the impression that the strawberry is of European origin. As a matter of fact, it is derived from the Chilean berry, which is native to the Pacific coast.

Bamboo Lighthouse.

A lighthouse of bamboo which is in use in Japan is said to have great power of resisting the waves and does not rot like ordinary wood.

One never knows what is enough unless one knows what is more than enough.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 2, 1913

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REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Jury Commissioner,
John D. Decker, of Potter Twp.

For Coroner,
Dr. S. M. Huff, of Milesburg Boro.

"Reason prevails" and there is "harmony" in the Democratic party. Sure. Just as easy as mixing oil and water.

In a day or two more the new Democratic tariff law will go into effect. All persons are hoping that it will cause no troubles in business, and a good many are afraid that it will.

A day or two longer, only, and then higher wages and lower prices. Just nail that Democratic promise to the wall. It won't be long until the child will be unable to find any father.

One nice thing about the tariff situation so far as President Wilson is concerned is that he doesn't have a dollar invested in business loss if the new law fails to work out as he predicts.

Governor Sulzer's alleged dishonesty became such in the eyes of Tammany only when he decided to go against the wishes of Tammany. Future Democratic candidates for Governor in New York are, of course, expected to take notice.

Just what peace-loving and, more important, peace-producing individual may be unearthed for Democratic County Chairman is responsible for the burning of midnight oil in some offices uptown and downtown. As the one Democrat in Centre County around whom ALL Democrats would instantly rally we are waiting to hear the Hon. John Noll rise and suggest that Surveyor of the Port Kurtz be chosen County Chairman by acclamation.

BOWER HOLTER.

Noting the passing away of a neighbor or friend is always attended with an element of sorrow. Occasionally the death of a friend comes to us as a personal loss. The latter is peculiarly true in the passing away of R. Bower Holter, for years a writer of our Howard news letter and an admired and respected member of "The Republican" family. We were privileged to know him as a friend and co-worker. Close contact with him gave us an insight into the character of one of the truest, noblest young men we have ever known. His ideals were of the highest, his thoughts were of the purest, his intentions were always of the best—his whole make-up was that of a man who loved and deserved to be loved by his fellowmen. Modest and unassuming, possessing a nature so gentle that a harsh comment never crossed his lips, looking always at the brighter side of things, Bower Holter was a man who stamped his individuality upon those who knew him best, and by all such his memory will ever be cherished. Although in ill health for years he bore his cross with christian fortitude, never complaining but facing the inevitable with a courage that told its own story of confidence in his knowledge that he had everything to look forward to and nothing to fear. In the closing days of his illness, when his small measure of strength was rapidly wasting away, he calmly faced death and arranged his business affairs for the guidance of those he was to leave behind. Sheer will power had kept him alive during many days when less brave men would have given up the battle to live. When he crossed into the Great Beyond it was with the comforting knowledge that his work had been well done. Because of what he was, because of our high admiration for him as a man, as a friend and as a writer, we pay this humble tribute to one of God's noblemen.

C. W. Cook Dead.

Charles W. Cook, one of BeechCreek's best known citizens, died in the Lock Haven hospital at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He had been ill from typhoid fever, but his death was sndden and unexpected, being caused by heart failure. He was 40 years old, and is survived by a widow and a 6-years-old son, also by his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, and one brother, Thomas Cook, of Beech Creek.

WOMAN'S CLUB REPORT

Interesting Resume of Work Done in Bellefonte in 1912-13.

The Woman's Club of Bellefonte submits the following interesting report of work done in 1912-13:

In June at the time of the last meeting of the club the membership was 100.

More demands have been made this year than ever before on the Charity Committee of the club. Each case has been investigated and help given as needed.

Through the influence of the Civic Committee the street cleaning has been more thoroughly looked after than ever by the Council, and a portion of the business part of the town has been cared for by a Committee of the club members. An effort has also been made through the public schools to teach the children on the lines of "Keep clean streets and pavements." This year as formerly there has been a clean up week.

The Sewing School which did such good work last year reports even greater progress this year. The work of the younger children showed marked improvement. The middle grades did excellent hand sewing. The higher grades learned to sew on the sewing machine. They took measurements, cut out garments by patterns, and measurements, and each made a dress for herself.

The Publicity Committee contributed many articles to the four weekly papers, and sent notices of the club meetings and study classes.

Newspapers as last year have been collected and stored in rooms where they are tied ready for shipping when enough are gathered to fill a car. The proceeds from the sale of these are given to the Bellefonte Hospital.

For the last four years a safe and sane 4th of July has been conducted by a Committee of the club. This year the street parade was especially successful. One of its divisions was for "Woman's Suffrage", and elicited much favorable comment.

Two years ago the club succeed in having two of its members elected to the School Board; one has held the office of Vice President; the other of Secretary. This summer there has been no difficulty in having them both nominated by all three contending parties, so that their election is secured for six more years on the board.

A study class was held throughout the winter with an attendance from fifty to one hundred of both men and women, a large percentage of which were not members of the club (Programe of this class will be sent under another cover.)

The Chautauqua was brought to Bellefonte this summer, and the selling of seven hundred tickets needed to finance it was done by members of the club. This entertainment was much enjoyed, and there was little difficulty in securing guarantors for its return next year.

Two new Committees have been appointed, one to co-operate with the Juvenile Court Officers of the town, the other to support the police officer, who is also an officer of the state organization for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Dear Old Billy.

John S. Marble, who plays the title role in "Dear Old Billy," earned his eminence in the profession by rising gradually from the lowest to the highest position in his profession. Mr. Marble was starred for several seasons in the "The Milk White Flag" in which the role of Phil Graves was especially written to display his quaint personality and gift of dryly humorous characterizations. In "Dear Old Billy" Mr. Marble has another part of just this sort, evoking an almost continuous response of laughter from the audience to every line he utters. "Dear Old Billy" will be at Garman's Opera House on Monday evening, Oct. 6th. Prices 25, 35, 50, 75 & $1.

Two Public Men Stricken.

Two men prominent in national political affairs are critically ill. Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, former Lieutenant Governor of that State and one of the leaders in the Roosevelt movement last year, was stricken with paralysis as he concluded an address Monday night at a meeting in the interest of the fusion mayoralty ticket in New York city. United States Senator Henry C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, who was Roosevelt's spokesman in the Senate while the Colonel occupied the President's chair, underwent an operation on Monday for ulcers of the stomach. As yet he is not regarded as out of danger.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation—Advt.

Degeneration of Names.

Thomas Hardy showed his keen eye for the characteristic in giving his heroine the distinguished name of D'Urberville, corrupted by long rustic wear to Darbyfield. But many stately English names have gone further down hill than that, for example the mean and trivial Snooks, which has little to recall Sevenoaks. One would suppose that an easy prize winner in a degeneration race, yet Professor Weekley, in his book on the romance of English names, finds some that have descended as far and started higher. There is nothing very distinguished, for example, about Codlin—a novelist would hardly dare use it save for a comic figure. As Quodling it is merely queer. As Querding it begins to seem foreign, and the etymologist can make a shrewd guess where he is coming out: while Querdelyon is but the thinnest of masks for the illustrious Norman original, Coeur de Lion. In England the meanest little names may have the greatest history, especially if they started as French, which fares badly on English tongues.

Berberine Belief.

Everything that goes wrong is attributed by the Berberines, a tribe of the Sudan, to the devil. Ethel S. Stevens, in "My Sudan Year," quotes a story told her by Bishop Gwynne of his "boy's" coming to him one day and announcing, "The devil is in the house."

"Oh," said the bishop, "that is very interesting! When did he arrive?"

"He came in with the cook from the souk market yesterday evening."

"Really?" commented the bishop, puzzled.

"Yes, and in the night he came out of the cook and passed into me."

"Oh, and what did he do?"

"He went to the cupboard and broke a plate and the top of the jam jar."

A light broke in on the bishop.

"Oh, he was after the jam! I suppose he ate some?"

"Yes," said the boy, "he did!"

The idea of devil possession is not merely an elaborate form of excuse: the native servant really believes in it.

When Pope Was Broad.

Alexander Pope, the deathless poet of England, had a large and intimate experience of the theater. In his time he was a welcome visitor behind the scenes, and most of the contemporaneous dramatic authors and actors were proud to be on friendly terms with him. Mean and little and contemptible as he was in many of his personal relations (recall Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's estimate of his infinite littleness), he nevertheless had a broad streak, this, of course, from the viewpoint of the intellectual. He was in ready sympathy with the strugglers on the stage, and he wrote this apology for imperfections that are inseparable from plays no less than from other works of finite, therefore imperfect, beings:

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was nor is, nor e'er shall be.

—Exchange.

Where Living Is Cheap.

"The cheapest place in the world is Antioch, in Syria," says a returned traveler. "Being on the Mediterranean, the climate is just right in the colder months. I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me was £1 a week, though I leased a fine house and kept three servants. For the house I paid 20 shillings a month rent, while the servants were satisfied with 2 shillings a week. Mutton cost three halfpence a pound. Eggs were a penny a dozen and chickens twopence-halfpenny each. The finest of fresh fruit and vegetables (in February, too!) were so cheap that they were not sold in quantity. You got all you wanted for so much per week. All I required for my household cost me 1 shilling weekly. An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on £35 a year."—Westminster Gazette.

Roach and Rain.

There is one sport which benefits by the advent if not by the actual arrival of rain. This is fishing. While the rivers are still clear of floods and there is light enough for the fish to see the bait, but no sun to betray the shining hook, the fisherman has a chance to make a big catch, for fish rise and bite greedily before a rainstorm. The roach, known as the "weather fish," leaves his muddy bed, sometimes as long as twenty-four hours before the actual storm breaks, and swims around continually, all the time gasping for breath.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

A Disconcerting Habit.

"Yes, Dinah is a very good cook, but she has one failing. She's passionately fond of my perfumes."

"You can lock them away from her, can't you?"

"Of course. But I can't get used to hear her snuffing under the door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Yate Wood.

The yate, one of Australia's numerous hard woods, seems to be the strongest known timber, with an average tensile strength of 24,000 pounds to the square inch and a maximum as high as 35,000, about equal to cast and wrought iron.

Well Worked Bell.

A bell in a temple in north China has been kept ringing for a century. A tax is levied in the district for paying relays of ringers to work incessantly day and night.

Woe to the ruler who founds his hope of sway on the weakness or corruption of the people.—Washing Irving.

Samuel B. Haupt Dead.

Samuel B. Haupt, of Milton, president and general manager of the Sunbury, Bloomsburg and Berwick railroad, formerly the Wilkes-Barre and Western, died last Sunday at his late home at Milton.

On August 28 while making a short trip in company with two other officials, over a short stretch of the road on a motor car, the brakes on the vehicle refused to work and the car dashed through a crossing into the side of a locomotive. His two companions jumped but Mr. Haupt stuck to the car and was dashed against the engine. He was taken to the Berwick hospital, where it was thought his injuries consisted of nothing more than cuts and bruises. He left the hospital in a few days and was able to a certain extent to resume his duties, but on Sunday morning about 4.30 o'clock he passed away suddenly.

Deceased was the son of Samuel, Sr., and Eliza Auchmuty Haupt, and was one of twelve children. He was born at Hartleton, Union county, June 3, 1849. On December 12, 1877, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth McCabe, of Northumberland. To this union was born one son, Oakley, who died in October, 1887. At the age of 15 he enlisted in the Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry and served a short term. He later entered the Milesburg machine shops and after learning his trade entered upon a four years apprenticeship in the Altoona machine shops. He rose to the position of assistant master mechanic, during which time he was sent by his superiors to France to study the methods in that country in locomotive construction. He later filled a position as master mechanic for the Norfolk and Western at Norfolk, Va. It was here that he patented a chilled rim for a driving wheel, which netted him enough to retire. A number of years ago he with several of his friends purchased the Wilkes-Barre and Western railroad and built it up. At this time it was known as the Sunbury, Bloomsburg and Berwick.

Mr. Haupt was a brother of L. A. Haupt, Mrs. W. F. Taylsr and Miss Ada Haupt, of Tyrone. Survivlng also are his widow and Henry Haupt and Mrs. Annie Baird, of Milesburg, and Herman Haupt, of Philadelphia.

KEPHART NOMINATED

Won Nomination for Superior Court Judge by Modest Advertising.

John W. Kephart, of Cambria County, now knows better than ever before, that "it pays to advertise." Mr. Kephart has been nominated for Superior Court Judge and he owes it to the fact that his advertisements made him known to voters over the State and who recalled his name when they entered the voting booth. Most of the candidates were unknown outside their home counties, and Kephart was clever enough to appreciate that he was among this number. He accordingly advertised in a modest and inexpensive way throughout the state and when the complete primary returns were tabulated it was found that he was among the four highest on the list. The vote for these four candidates follows:

John J. Henderson, Crawford	80,002
James Alcorn, Philadelphia	59,115
John W. Kephart, Cambria	50,977
Webster Grim, Bucks	49,043

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.28

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.80
Wheat, red	.85
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

An Old Time Merman.

An amusing and detailed account of a merman seen in the Atlantic, written apparently in good faith, ends with the following description of the monster, which may possibly have been a seal or a sea lion. "That monster is about eight feet long, his skin is brown and tawny, without any scales, all his motions are like those of men, the eyes are a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair and chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, fins between the fingers of his hands and feet like those of ducks. In a word he is a well shaped man. Which is certified to be true by Captain Oliver Morin and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two-and-thirty men." (An article from Brest in the "Memoirs of Trevoux." The monster was mentioned in the Gazette of Amsterdam Oct. 12, 1725, where, it is said, it was seen in the ocean in August of the same year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Read the Moon.

Few people can tell at a glance whether the moon is waxing or waning. Here is a whimsical rule to remember by. It is very simple to those who know Latin and is not difficult for those who do not. The first thing is to notice whether the moon is like a D or a C—that is, whether the full semicircular curve is on the right or the left. If the moon shows a D that naturally stands for decrescit. "It wanes."

But then comes in the great principle "The moon is always deceitful," and one has to understand the opposite of what the moon says, so that a moon which shows a D is a waxing moon, while a waning moon is like a C.

Those who have no Latin will no doubt look to see whther the moon says it is "decreasing," in which case they will understand that it is waxing, while a waning moon will deny that it is "decreasing."—New York Sun.

Cost of First Class Traveling.

While on the Pacific ocean I met a life insurance man who told me that he traveled constantly and that his expenses, afloat and ashore, averaged $11 a day. He kept no expense account, he said. At the end of the year he charged the company $11 a day for expenses, and that was almost exactly what he spent. I made a calculation and found that the present trip has cost us $11 a day each, almost to a penny.

If you want to know what traveling costs, here is an estimate you may depend upon. This means rapid traveling, by railroad and steamship, and sightseeing in the towns with the assistance of a guide. The estimate includes the purchases a traveler is compelled to make and cannot be reduced much unless you travel second class and deny yourself many things.—Ed W. Howe in His Travel Notes.

Wiles of the Waiter.

"I know I am looking like a fright tonight," the woman said.

The man studied her dress, her hair and her complexion closely.

"I don't see anything the matter with you," he said. "So far as I can see, you are looking as well as usual."

"But I am not," she insisted. "There is something wrong, and that head waiter saw at a glance what it was. If I had been up to the mark he wouldn't have put us away over here in this out of the way corner. He would have given us a table right under the chandelier in the middle of the room.

"All the best dressed people are always seated in the most conspicuous places, so as to make the restaurant look more attractive. I am glad to say that that is where I usually sit. The plain people are ranged along the sides of the room, just as we are tonight.

"That is why I know I am not looking well."—New York Times.

His Morning Duty.

Ministerial duties and increasing dignity have not robbed a certain minister of his cherished boyhood accomplishment of making fritters. He frequently exercises this skill at breakfast time, much to the delight of the younger members of the family. Edith, the four-year-old daughter, recently took tea with a member of the congregation. After the silent grace the little one, looking at her unmarried hostess, remarked with pity:

"You don't have any one to pray for you, do you?"

Said one of the ladies present, smiling:

"I suppose your papa prays for you three times a day."

"Oh, no, he doesn't," was the innocent and earnest answer. "He fries in the morning and prays in the afternoon!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Common Weakness.

An interesting light is thrown on the purely human side of the late Edward VII. of England by a story told of his inability to resist the temptation to appropriate a particularly good anecdote.

Some one told a delightful story to one of his majesty's young nieces. "That is capital," she said. "I must tell it to the king.

"No," she instantly added, "I won't, for if you tell uncle a good story he forgets in a day or two that it was told to him and goes about repeating it to every one as his own."

Information Wanted.

Simmons had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the husking bees," he said to the young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking bees?"

"Husking bees!" exclaimed the girl. "How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Prophecy.

Small Boy (handing druggist half dollar)—Five five-cent cigars, and give me the change.

Druggist—But, Bob, your father always smokes ten cent cigars.

"Well, he isn't going to this time."—Life.

Her Bad Accident.

"Did you ever have a bad accident?"

The lady chauffeur bit her lip.

"I met my husband by accident," she admitted.—Exchange.

Just Too Late.

"When did you learn that he was one of the bank's most trusted employees?"

"The day after he absconded with the funds."—Detroit Free Press.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors and let every new year find you a better man.—Franklin.

Fruity.

Artist (angrily)—No; I tell you I don't want a model. I only paint flowers and fruit. Model (sweetly)—That's all right. Every one says I'm a peach.—Cornell Widow.

On the Way.

The man who sits around waiting for somebody else to discover and develop his ability is sure sooner or later to become a wearisome grumbler.—Chicago Record-Herald.

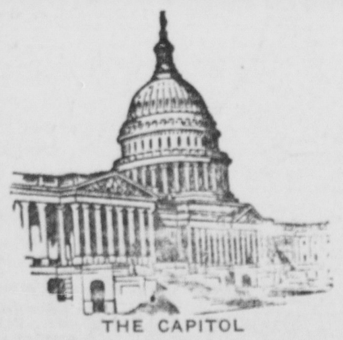
Financial.

Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in a business college? Mrs. Bocker—Yes; I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.—Judge.

Life's Stage.

Patience—Do you believe this life's a stage? Patrice—Sure, and all the women want to be leading ladies.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man of brains sees difficulties, surmounts or avoids them. The fool knows no difficulties.—La Bruyere.


THE CAPITOL

EARLY AUTUMN
Sunday Excursion
ONLY
Round $3.00 Trip
TO
WASHINGTON
Leaving Saturday Night October 11
A Rare Chance to Visit The National Capitol

See the New National Museum with its interesting exhibits, the Beauutiful Congressional Library and Magnificent Capitol Building, all of which will be open on this date.

A DELIGHTFUL SUNDAY PLEASURE TRIP.
SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN LEAVES

Bellefonte	11:00 P. M.
Lemonte	11:29 P. M.
Oak Hall	11:34 P. M.
Linden Hall	11:42 P. M.
Centre Hall	11:59 P. M.

Returning, Special Trains leave Washington 4:05 P. M. Tickets on sale by Ticket Agents starting Friday preceding date of excursion. Consult Ticket Agents or David Todd, Division Passenger Agt., Williamsport.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

It is now "Grandpa Reber", for a brand, new baby girl has come to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cinceria Yearick, and they have named her Elmeta Jane.

Charles Kepner and father, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of J. A. Pifer.

William Loder, who has been employed by the Anderson Bros. at Renovo for the last two months, is home on account of an attack of lumbago.

Mrs. J. Z. Loder and Mrs. Lou Holter were among those who attended the funeral of the late Bower Holter at Bellefonte, on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Ward Schenck did shopping in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Charley Barner, wife and baby of Salona, called on J. A. Pifer's on Sunday.

Miss Mable Loder, who teaches the Rockview school, spent Sunday with her parents.

Ralph Malone, of Yarnell, spent Saturday evening at Howard.

Clair Butler recently underwent an operation at the Lock Haven hospital and is now getting along nicely.

Merril Neff, a former Howard boy, was seen on our streets on Sunday.

Miss Anna Kaup is visiting with friends at this place.

Mrs. S. I. Reber is spending some time in Johnstown. She is in attendance at the W. C. T. U. convention, which is being held there.

Miss Minnie Holter spent a few days with her brother, James, at Eagleville.

Mrs. A. A. Pletcher was a shopping visitor to Lock Haven on Tuesday.

We were shocked on Wednesday to hear of the death of Charley Cook, of Beech Creek, who died in the Lock Haven hospital from typhoid fever. The deceased was well known around Howard and had many warm personal friends.

W. N. Neff, of this place, now of Renovo, is ill from typhoid fever in the Lock Haven hospital.

Norman Lighthamer, an employee of the P. R. track crew, is ill and threatened with an attack of pneumonia. He recently contracted a severe cold.

John Knarr, an aged veteran and upright citizen, has been ill, but at present is able to move about on the streets and, we all hope at least, will soon be fully recovered.

Rev. Walter Fay Carson, of State College, preached in Christ Chapel church last Sunday evening. We are always pleased to hear his discourses, as they are interesting and food for any mind to absorb.

Potatoes are a rarity in this community, even Joe Diehl being "skunked" without a bushel to sell this week.

Many persons from here attended the funeral of Bower Holter, in Bellefonte. The deceased was a model young man; he stood on the side of right; he was a Christian, and he always used his influence for good.

Orrin Allison killed two large fat hogs last Tuesday. This reminds us that corn is 95 cents per bushel, and the season for sausage and liverworst is soon here.

Hello, farmers! Did you see the prospects of the Panama canal? Peru, of S. A. is the greatest cattle raising territory on earth; has been shipping cattle to our ports, but the new route, via the Panama canal, will shorten the distance by ten thousand miles, and after ten days of slaughter they can be landed at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and sold at ten cents a pound. Think of it and congratulate yourselves and Uncle Sam in his efforts for suffering humanity.

Catherine Jacobs has chosen A. A. Pletcher as administrator to settle the estate of her deceased husband, George A. Jacobs.

The State Constabulary was sent for last Sunday forenoon to look after a drunken wretch that was cursing and in other ways breaking the Sabbath peace. If this is repeated, to the pen he will go.

Fatal Auto Accident.

James Maxwell, general manager of the Somerville Coal Co., at Carnworth while driving on Sunday with a party of friends to the home of his mother at Morrisdale, met with an accident that resulted in his death. The accident happened near the residence of John D. Smith, at Troy, about one mile below Philipsburg. Mr. Maxwell was driving a Ford machine at a high rate of speed and in some manner he lost control of the car, which ran off the road and turned turtle. Mr. Maxwell sustained a fractured skull and died early Monday morning at the Philipsburg hospital. His brother Joseph Maxwell and Fred Williams, who were in the car at the time, escaped with a few bruises. Andrew Draid, another occupant, had his right shoulder broken.

Had Foot Amputated.

Thomas Brown, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Osceola, had one of his feet badly crushed while at work at Moshannon No. 10 colliery last Friday. The foot was subsequently amputated at the ankle.

Pine Grove Mills.

Dr. L. E. Kidder spent last week in the City of Brotherly Love.

Harry Harrah, the popular tinner, is again located at Boalsburg.

Mrs. Sadie Everts returned from Philadelphia with a large array of ladies' headgear of the latest styles.

Col. D. F. Fortney, one of Bellefonte's legal lights, spent the Sabbath in our town looking over old landmarks and also the old Academy where he laid the foundation of his education a half century ago.

Mrs. Hannah Osman is housed up with an attack of lumbago.

Ed. Williams is fast in bed with uraemia trouble.

John H. Bailey is holding down the rocker with a kink in his back.

Lem Osman invested in a young English spaniel and is training for the hunt. Doggie is fortunate in getting such a good home.

Three fine specimens of the fleet-footed tribe were pasturing in the Houck field last Friday. The nimrods are getting their guns ready for the hunt.

Mrs. Rene, widow of the late Rev. G. W. Fortney, came over from New York and is visiting at the Sallie Fortney home on Main Street.

Dr. Grover Cleveland Glenn is now snugly fixed up with offices in the Trust Co. building at State College.

Mrs. John Horner, of Huntingdon Furnace, and daughter Virginia and Miss Miller were royally entertained at the Miss Lucy Edmiston home last Friday.

The installation of officers of Penns valley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., will take place on Saturday evening, October, 11th, at 7.30 o'clock, in their hall on Main Street. T. C. Gramley, D. G. M., will be present.

Lester Krebs, of Youngstown, Ohio, was a State College visitor last week. Lester is making good and is one of the class of 1913.

William Fye and family autoed down from Altoona recently and visited with friends at State College and Buffalo Run.

Fred Hullman came over from Lewistown, where he engaged as a electrician, and with his good frau are geeting old friends hereabouts.

C. M. Dale and E. E. Royer served as jurors at the Temple of Justice this week.

Albert Houck, while cutting corn, inflicted an ugly gash in his hand. Blood poisoning set in and the lad has a bad hand and arm. Dr. Woods is treating the lad and he is now somewhat improved.

W. D. Port, who had such a close call for his life, is now able to drive out.

Charley Reitz and family came down from Boalsburg and spent Sunday at the Mrs. Devine home on Main Street.

John Houck, one of Joseph & Co's. genial clerks, recently spent a day among friends in and about town.

George C. Miller and J. F. Weiland were hustling around here last Saturday, being in search for hay and straw.

Mrs. W. D. Port wishes to extend he thanks and appreciation to so many friends for their kindness during the serious illness of her husband.

Mrs. C. W. Thomas, of Altoona; Mrs. P. A. Ward and son Wilbur, Mrs. Herbert Miller and daughter Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson W. Woomer and two children Lois and Thalma, Mrs. Emma Nelson and bright little daughter Helen Fry enjoyed a drive early Sunday morning from Bellefonte and spent the day with friends at Fairbrook.

H. H. Goss and wife, E. C. Musser and H. A. Elder took in the Lewisburg fair last Thursday, and on Mr. Elder's arrival home he was greeted by a host of neighbors and friends who thronged his home to extend best wishes and congratulations on his 55th birthday anniversary. Many presents were bestowed upon him and excellent refreshments were served. All present had a most enjoyable time.

About four hundred State College students invaded our town Wednesday evening and immediately set to work pasting up the town, which they later lighted up with a bonfire in the diamond. A squad of State Constabulary appeared on the scene and the boys peacefully submitted to further orders. In the scatterment some of the boys lost their bearings, traveling most of the night homeward bound and weary, hungry and hazed.

Port Matilda.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Miles and daughter, Zenovia, are attending the Baptist Association at Eagleville this week.

Prof. D. O. Etters, our County Superintendent, made his annual visit to the schools of this district the beginning of the week.

Misses Bethel and Mildred Smith, of Pittsburg, Mrs. O. D. Eberts, of Martha, and Mrs. Benner, of Centre Hall, were pleasant visitors at S. S. Miles' last Friday and Saturday.

Monday evening Prof. J. A. Williams with Mrs. Williams, Linwood, Prof. Etters and Prof. Rothrock, motored to Boalsburg to see Prof. Williams' brother, who is quite ill. They returned early Tuesday morning.

J. M. Williams, Scott Crain, and Jacob Williams motored to Tyrone Tuesday, where the latter bought a two passenger Ford car.

Arlie Hamer, who is employed by Byers in Tyrone, is spending a few days with friends in this place.

M. B. Williams and family, of Tyrone Sundayed at the parental home of the former.

Frank S. Jones, spent Tuesday of last week with his grandparents in Punxsutawney.

Mrs. Kate Haufman, of Philipsburg, visited over Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Susan Stine.

The new U. B. minister, Rev. S. D. Wilson has arrived and Rev. Rothermel and family will leave for Windber this week.

Rev. H. A. McKelvey, of Bellwood, but formerly of this place, made a short stop in our town after Conference.

Mrs. H. M. Crain spent a few days very pleasantly with relatives in Tyrone and Altoona last week.

Miss Mabel Willams is spending sometime with her sister, Mrs. Rev. G. A. Williams, in Altoona.

Mrs Susan McKinney has left for Philipsburg where she expects to stay with her daughter, Mrs. Z. I. Woodring, for a couple months.

Mrs. Lucinda Weston has been very ill during the past two weeks, but is improving slowly.

Mr. A. H. Duncan, of Philipsburg, spent a day at Dr. Harshberger's recently.

Mrs. C. W. Crain visited with relatives in Philipsburg last week.

Colonel Bennett and wife, of Pitcairn, were visitors in town a few days ago.

Rev. Mr. Booth, of Reynoldsville, spent a few days with friends in this place this week.

Miss Jessie Shope, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Mollie Shope.

Gilbert Eller and daughter, Bella, made a flying trip to Johnstown last Wednesday.

The special services in the M. E church, conducted by a "team" of speakers and singers from Tyrone and Altoona, were very interesting and helpful. The music by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waring was especially enjoyed.

Last Friday evening a party, which was greatly enjoyed by all present, was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Jones. The young people gathered at the home about 8.30. Games were played until supper was announced at 10 p. m. The tables were laid on an enclosed porch which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. After enjoying the sumptuous supper, the guests were grouped in the dining room and a flashlight picture was taken. Again games were played, until a late hour when all departed for their homes, having spent a very delightful evening.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Presbyterian—Sabbath School—10:00 a. m. Preaching Services—11:00 a. m. Methodist Episcopal—Sabbath School—9:30 a. m. Preaching Services—10:30 a. m. Junior Epworth League—2:30 p. m. Senior Epworth League—7:30 p. m.

Church Rally.

A Church Rally will be held next Sunday Oct. 5th, in the M. E. church in Lemont, at 10.30, a. m., also at Rock Forge M. E. church, at 3 p. m. A team of boy speakers from State College will be present to address the meetings. Matters of vital interest will be discussed by these christian gentlemen. Come every body and let us make this a "red letter day." No special offering will be taken

D. J. FRUM, Pastor.

Soothes itching skin. Heals, cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles eczema, salt rheum. any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

Mt. Eagle.

Frank Deitz, the groceryman, is putting down a new walk in front of his property on Main Street.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and daughter spent a few days in Howard with her mother, Mrs. Hays.

Charles Beattie last Thursday moved his family into a part of the Mrs. J. B. Leathers home for the winter.

Miss Julia Daughenbaugh, of Beech Creek, who is attending school in Howard, took supper on Thursday evening with Miss Gertrude Leathers.

The men are engaged in finishing up the subway this week.

Mrs. William Bitner and mother, Mrs. Hoffman, of Beech Creek, who spent a few weeks at Coalport visiting another daughter there, returned home last Thursday night.

Mrs. Tobias, of Woolrich, spent a few days with her brother, T. G. Leathers, returning home on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Hays Daughenbaugh and children visited her parents at Howard on Friday, returning home on Saturday.

Mrs. Strickland recently visited the Bellefonte hospital to see her husband, who had his hand painfully cut with a saw in the handle factory. He has not been getting along as well as might be hoped for.

Reynolds Shope last week shipped two cars of mine ties from the Mt. Eagle station.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deitz spent Sunday visiting in Nittany valley at the home of Thomas J. Lucas and family.

Mrs. Al. Robinson and children recently drove out into the ridges to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Courter.

Andrew Oson, who is employed by the Anderson Bros. was in town on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary Pletcher visited in Mt. Eagle on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robb, of Jersey Shore visited over Sunday with the latter's brother, Harry Miller, who lives on the J. K. Johnston farm, in Canada hollow.

Those who have been on the sick list are reported much better.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers drove to Curtin and spent Sunday evening with her parents.

BLANCHARD.

Harvey Lingle, formerly of Blanchard, is in a critical condition at Homewood, near Pittsburgh, as the result of an accident last Wednesday. He has been employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at that place and on the day noted he sustained a rupture of the spleen. For several days he remained in an unconscious condition and latest reports are that his recovery is doubtful. The unfortunate man is about 36 years old and is well and favorably known to our residents. He is a son of Thomas Lingle, who on receipt of word of the accident started for Homewood. He was accompanied by Mrs. James I. Bechdel, mother of Mrs. Lingle.

Mrs. William H. Austin has returned home after a very enjoyable trip to Johnsonburg.

Captain James A. Quigley, representing the session of the Beech Creek Presbyterian church, attended the fall meeting of the Presbytery of Northumberland at Lewisburg. He accompanied the pastor, Rev. Dr. Alexander D. Bateman.

Jesse Glossner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glossner, of near Beech Creek, met with a painful accident in the N. Y. C. shops at Avis last week. A piece from a rivet struck him in the eye and he has gone to the Wills Eye Hospital, in Philadelphia, for treatment. Hope is entertained that the sight of the eye will be restored.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

B. F. Frankenbarger to H. B. Frankenbarger, tract of land in Gregg Twp. $4000.

W. J. Carlin Exr. to Elmira R. Gramley, house and lot in Smullton. $1.

B. F. Frankenbarger to G. F. Frankenbarger, tract of land in Gregg Twp. $5000.

Noah W. Eby et ux to E. W. Motz, tract of land in Woodward. $51.75.

Emma R. Butts to Mary O. Foster premises in State College. $10,000.

James Barnes Exrs. to Ned Irish et al tract of land in Philipsburg. $4,000.

Ned Irish et al to Guy C. Irish, trustee, tract of land in Philipsburg. $1.

Margaret B. McDonald to Wm. T. Garrett, tract of land in State College. $600.

Joseph Myers' heirs to Theodore D. Boal, tract of land in Harris Twp. $1,250.

Margaret C. Gates to George W. Holt, tract of land in Howard Twp. $135.

Clara Mayer et al to George W. Bratton, tract of land in Philipsburg. $1,000.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Herbert D. McClellan Anna E. Ross	Bellefonte "
John H. DeHaas Sara A. Turner	Blanchard Julian
Harry Scholl Janet Allport	Clearfield Philipsburg
John Sksanchik Annie Gurhish	Clarence "
Chas. E. Clark Ella A. Neese	Bellefonte Coburn
Harry H. Canfield Rachel E. Womer	Johnstown Philipsburg
Thos. McGonigal May Waite	Philipsburg Philipsburg
Edward L. Gates Martha A. Shutt	Bellefonte "

Green's Pharmacy Co.

Are sole agents for the celebrated

"Rexall Remedies"

We call your attention this week to one we can conscientiously recommend, Rexall Grippe Pills for all forms of the grippe. We know what they contain—They help ease the pain, relieve the nerve tension, as well as the catarrhal condition, that usually accompanies grippe—Scores of your neighbors will bear testimony to their merits. Why not try a box? Price 25c.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son. Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

WANTED—A position as housekeeper in a small family by an experienced lady. Adress to P. O. Box 57, Blanchard, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire,
MOWRY'S CAFE.
6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon.
E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Driving mare, blooded stock and pedigree; perfectly safe; not afraid of automobiles; may be driven by ladies. Inquire of or address R. C. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale; desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa. 7-31-tf.

FOR SALE—Seven passenger Franklin Touring Car, in good condition, including wind shield and all accessories.
S. K. HOSTETTER, Purchasing Agent, 9-25-2t. State College, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—8 room frame house, located in Sunnyside, near Bellefonte; water at rear of house; house well built and in good condition. Inquire ARISTA LUCAS, Fleming, Pa. 6-12-5t

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly.
Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co.
Lansing, Mich.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing an book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, October 29, 1913, by Lyman W. Medes, John B. Meek and Peltiah P. Gotham, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called State College Billiard & Bowling Company, the character and object of which is the letting, hiring, renting and use of billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys and the sale of pipes, tobaccoes, cigars and confectioneries, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the right, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. H. T. HALL,
10-2-3t. Solicitor.

Apple Tree in Blossom.

The Philipsburg Journal says: A. C. Williams has growing in the orchard on his farm near Port Matilda an apple tree full of blossoms. He brought with him on his return from the farm a day or two ago a nice lot of these blossoms some of which were presented to your editor. This is one of nature's freaks hard to explain.

$1500.00 WORTH

Of Men's, Women's, Misses', Boys,' Girls,' Children's and Infant's Sweater Coats

any size, any style, any color, and any price you choose to pay are now here for your inspection. There is not a store in Centre County can show you such an assortment of Sweater Coats, nor such good values as we are now offering.

LADIES HEAVY SWEATER $1.48

Ladies' heavyweight, plain ribbed, part wool sweater coat. Shaped at waist, has two pockets, fine pearl buttons and a coat that will fit well and give lots of service, and is never sold for less than $2.00. Size 34 to 44. Colors are oxford grey and white. Ladies Fine Ribbed all Wool Coat **$2.98.**

75c MEN'S HEAVY COTTON COAT 48c

This is our special heavy cotton sweater coat for men. It will give lots of service is as good as any coat sold for 75c. Size 34 to 44. In grey and blue only

MEN'S HONEY COMB SWEATER 98c

This is our special extra heavy, part wool plain oxford grey coat for men, ful large sizes, large pearl buttons. 34 to 44.

Claster's **Bellefonte Pa.**

John Blank & Co.
400 Main Ave
Telephone 662
(WE HAVE AN ADDITIONAL BELL TEL.)
Double
Your Business Power
Nothing cramps your business like inadequate telephone facilities,
If your single Bell line is continually "busy," customers are turned away and likely as not you never get them back.
An Auxiliary Line and station, providing "double-track" service, will solve the difficulty. Its cost is trifling. Call the Bell Business Office.
"Practice the Telephone Smile."
The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.
W. S. Mallalieu, Local Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Miss Bean's Letter

A Question of Ownership.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three Misses Bean were eating breakfast in their prim dining room overlooking the flower garden.

Sarepta was enjoying cereal, coffee and dry toast; Sophia was almost purring over a bowl of oatmeal and cream, while Sarah, the eldest Miss Bean, drank strong green tea, with rolls and a chop. Sarepta was thin and dark and delicate looking; Sophia, her twin sister, was plump and rosy like a gray and white kitten, and Sarah was tall and bony, with sandy hair and eager dark eyes. Once she had been very handsome, but that was long ago.

Hannah, the black cook, padded heavily into the room with a letter held between thumb and forefinger.

"Ephie done brung de mail, ma'am," she said, placing the letter beside Sarah's plate, "an' dey wa'n't no mo'n dat one letter."

"Very well, Hannah," said Sarah, adjusting her glasses to scan the superscription on the large, thick, square envelope. As she read her face grew quite red, and she looked at the others. "It's for me, I think," she said uncertainly.

Sarepta bristled instantly.

"It might be for me," she said tartly, "unless it is addressed to you."

"In that case there would be no doubt at all whom it was for," giggled Sophia, sprinkling sugar on her oatmeal.

"It says 'Miss S. Bean,'" said Sarah with dignity. "From its appearance I should judge it was for me."

"Let me look at it, please; I am expecting a letter," snapped Sophia, holding out her hand for the missive.

Sarah surrendered the letter and was irritated to note that Sarepta's dark face glowed strangely.

"It's the one I've been waiting for," declared Sarepta, with the handle of a spoon slipped under the flap. "I recognize the handwriting."

"So do I," was Sarah's obstinate reply. "You have no right to open it, Sarepta, until you are sure it is yours."

"I am sure."

Sophia blinked her blue eyes and looked up from her empty bowl.

"Let me see the letter. It may be for me. I am 'Miss S. Bean' also; you appear to forget that fact," she said fussily.

"Why, it's Mr. Gray's handwriting, girls!" she exclaimed bluntly. "I think it's for me. I have a great deal of talk and correspondence with him over—over—church—and personal matters," she ended, with a simper.

Sarah's mouth hardened.

"The letter is for me, Sophia. It's all nonsense your thinking Mr. Gray would bother to write to you about church matters. Ministers are very busy men."

Sophia looked ready to cry.

"I think he's as likely to write to me as to you or Sarepta—more likely. I understand why he has been calling here regularly all winter."

Sarepta laughed shortly.

"I understand why, too," she said, with a hidden meaning in her tone.

"It is nonsense for us to bicker over this letter," said Sarah impatiently. "It must be opened, and it is my place as the eldest to do it. I can tell instantly by reading the first line whether it is for me or not."

"So can I," retorted Sarepta.

"And I," sniffed Sophia, dabbing at her eyes with a snowy cambric handkerchief.

"Well, the best way to find out is to inquire of Mr. Gray whom it is for," decided Sarah judicially. "I will send Eph over to the parsonage with a note."

The letter was placed on the mantelpiece behind the Chinese vases, and Sarah wrote the note and sent it off by Eph, the black boy.

Ten minutes afterward he rushed into the sitting room breathless with excitement.

"Marse Gray done gone away in a turrible hurry, Miss Sarah, yes'm. Seems lak he had a telygraft last night that his paw wore killed on de railroad, and Mr. Smif said he guessed it would be a long day afore de pahson come back, fer dey was gwine to give him a good vacashun to git over de shock. He's gwine clean to Californy, whah his paw lives."

It was characteristic of the Beans that not one of them would relinquish her claim to the letter, and so it stood on the mantelpiece day after day, unopened, waiting for Mr. Gray to return and divulge the identity of the "Miss S. Bean" to whom the letter belonged.

In the bottom of each maiden heart there was a firm belief that the letter contained a declaration of marriage, for Mr. Gray had called with marked regularity every Thursday evening during the winter. His attentions to the three sisters had been distributed with careful nicety and exasperating uncertainty. When their niece, Estelle Bean, from Little River, had visited them the minister had sung to them while Estelle played upon the old square piano, and the songs he chose were disquieting to sentimental ladies.

When he lifted his handsome head, with its noble crown of graying hair, and sang about "Annie Laurie," Sarah knew that if he dared the parson would quite as certain that he meant them—individually.

As for Estelle, she was a meek, mouselike little person with sweet gray eyes and a gentle manner, and she was much beloved by her three aunts, and she loved them in return. She never looked at the middle aged minister when he sang. Her cheeks always grew very pink, and she bent her blond head over the keys until Sarah chided her for bashfulness. Then she lifted her head and was quite gay until Sarepta took her aside and told her not to act "so shallow."

Five months went by, and the letter remained unopened on the mantelpiece.

One golden September day Sarah and Sarepta and Sophia climbed into their surrey and drove over to Little River to call upon their brother, Estelle's father.

Jacob Bean was gathering late corn in the fields that bordered the highway, and he came over to the fence and talked to his sisters while he nibbled a straw. He was a big framed man, and he had five big sons, who worked the farm with him. It was a prosperous farm, and Estelle, the only girl, was petted and indulged. But it did not seem to spoil her. They were all fond of Estelle.

"You look worried, Jacob," said Sophia when their greetings were over.

"I am," said the man, with a glance toward the distant house. "Girls, Maria and I think Estelle's going into a decline."

"What does the doctor say?" asked Sarah sharply.

"Nothing. He says there's nothing to say. You know Brown's way of joking. He said that Estelle was pining for her sweetheart. Why, land, Maria was so mad she wouldn't have him in again!"

"Nonsense!" cried Sarepta sharply. "Estelle's only a child. If she don't have a beau for ten years yet it will be time enough."

"That's what I say," grunted Jacob, and he returned to his pumpkins.

The three sisters found their niece swinging in a hammock on the shaded front porch. Her mother sat beside her knitting a pink wool shawl. Estelle was asleep, and she looked alarmingly pale and thin.

Mrs. Bean greeted her sisters-in-law affectionately and called a stable boy to take the horse. Sarah brought in a basket of grapes and some jars of quince jam she had just made, and the four women sat and talked in low tones about Estelle's health.

"Estelle's never had any beaus, has she, Maria?" asked Sophia carelessly. To Sophia Estelle was a child.

"No, she never encouraged any one except—well, I suppose you've heard folks mention it, though Estelle's dumb as can be about it—except Mr. Gray. But he's gone away now," said Maria complacently. "He always was too old for her, but nice as could be. I almost fell in love with him myself."

"Mr. Gray?" asked Sarah blankly, her mind flying to the letter.

"Mr. Gray?" echoed Sarepta in a stunned tone, her mind on the much discussed letter.

"Oh, Mr. Gray!" said Sophia in her blunt way, throwing up her romance with generous hands. "Why, there's a letter over to the house from him addressed to Miss S. Bean, and there wouldn't one of us open it because we wasn't sure which one of us it was for. It couldn't be for Estelle, for her name begins with an 'E,'" ended Sophia dubiously.

The hammock stirred, and a rosy face appeared over the edge. With her tousled fair hair Estelle looked more like a little girl than ever.

"Aunties, I heard all your remarks," she said tremulously, "and perhaps the letter is for me!"

"But, dear, your name begins with 'E,'" persisted Sophia kindly.

"I know, but he, Mr. Gray, called me 'Stella.' He said it meant a star." The girl turned a glorified face toward her mother. "Oh, mother, don't you believe it was for me? If I never answered he might think I didn't care, and so he stayed away."

Maria turned pale with emotion. "Perhaps so, dear," she said in her heavy way. "If we can get the letter over here you should let your three aunts open it and each one read the opening line. Then they could tell whether it was for one of them. Their names all begin with 'S,' you know."

"Of course, mother," palpitated Estelle. "I wish the letter was here now."

Sarah arose. "I'll go in and telephone to Hannah to send Eph over with it," she said decisively. "It's been on the sitting room mantelpiece for five months."

When she returned they talked of other things until Eph's shining black face appeared at the gate. After he had given up the precious letter and disappeared toward the kitchen Mrs. Bean arose and went in to see about supper.

Estelle took the letter, smiled at the meager address, wondered at her lover's mistake in addressing it to Westbrook instead of Little River; then she tore open the letter and gave the thick, folded sheets to Miss Sarah.

"You first," she said softly.

But Sarah shook her head, and Sarepta shook hers, and Sophia refused point blank, and they all kissed Estelle and said they were going to try to get Mr. Gray to come back to the church so she would be with them, and Sophia said they would talk about her wedding.

They went down to look at the dahlias in the garden, and they smiled at each other and nodded, contented in Estelle's happiness, and in their hearts each one knew that this was the nearest she would come to romance. Yet they were strangely happy.

Three Red Heads

Each Was Used as a Pawn by Fate

By EDWARD C. ALSTON

One day as I was entering a courtroom I met a lawyer coming out. Something in my appearance attracted his attention. I knew very well what it was, for from childhood I had been used to exciting the attention of all who saw me. It was not I, but a head of hair of a peculiar redness. Words describe only color; they seldom suggest an especial variety of color. Mine was of a variety that few persons had ever seen before. The lawyer stopped me with the words "One moment" and stood looking at me, turning something over in his mind. Presently he said:

"Your name, please."

I gave it.

"Come in here."

He led me into an office and said something to a man at a desk, who filled in a blank and read me a subpoena. I was ordered to be present that afternoon in the courtroom as a witness.

When I appeared I found that I was wanted in a trial for murder. What astonished me was that the accused, who was a very respectable looking man, possessed a head of hair the same color as my own.

I was placed beside him, and a woman who was giving testimony was called upon to say which of the two, myself or the accused, was the man she had seen kill her husband. She looked us both over with a puzzled expression and finally pointed to me.

The incident produced quite a sensation in court and naturally filled me with consternation. The lawyer at once called for the discharge of the prisoner, which was granted. As for me, I was required to prove where I had been at the time of the murder, and I had no difficulty in substantiating the fact that I was not within a thousand miles of where the deed was done.

The only feature about the man whose acquittal I had secured that fixed itself on my memory was his hair. He was between thirty-five and forty, while I was not more than twenty. Being in limbo, he had no opportunity to thank me for having saved him from the gallows, where he would have gone had it not been for the similarity of our hair, but I noticed him looking at me with great interest. I did not live in the place where he had been tried and left it as soon as I had proved an alibi. So I did not see anything more of him.

Twelve years passed, years that had not brought me success. I was thirty-two and had not a cent in the world. Neither had I wife or children or home. I think it was the color of my hair that told against me. On applying for a position the person to whom I went would look at my head and simultaneously reply, "There are no vacancies just now." And wherever I applied I received the same reception. The consequence was that from twenty to thirty-two I was most of the time out of employment.

But the end of this period brought a change. One afternoon just before the closing hours of business I entered a mercantile house and asked to see the head of the concern. A gentleman with coal black hair, in which there was, despite his fifty years, not a single gray strand, sat at a desk in a private office. So great was the contrast between his and my own top adornment that I was sure I would receive a curt refusal and was about to turn away when he lifted his eyes and saw me. His gaze was first fixed on my head, then was directed to my countenance. There was nothing for me to do but approach him and make the usual request.

"I'm hunting a job," I said. "I've been hunting one for months. Indeed, I'm so run down financially that I'm ready to work for a song."

I received no reply for awhile. The man sat staring at me with a strange look in his eyes, and I suspected that he was thinking of something else. Without waiting for his answer I was turning away when he stopped me.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Any ordinary work."

"Your name?"

I gave it to him, and, taking up a check book, he wrote a check for $50 payable to my order and handed it to me. I looked at it dumfounded.

"I haven't earned anything yet," I stammered.

"You look tired and hungry," was the reply. "Report here tomorrow morning and you shall have a job."

I was so used to attributing my misfortunes to the color of my hair that I now laid my good luck to the same cause. I had an idea that the man's action had something to do with the contrast between the glossiness of his raven locks and the disagreeable redness of mine. Probably his had brought him good fortune as mine had brought me misfortune and made him sorry for me. At any rate, this was the only interpretation I could put upon it.

I found it very easy to cash his check and spent a part of it in buying a good dinner. The next morning I reported myself to Mr. Marston—such was his name—and after a brief conversation, during which he questioned me with a view to learning what line of work I would prefer, he said that perhaps I had better try several different departments to learn for which I was best adapted.

My advancement with the Marston company was something extraordinary. I had not been with the concern a month before I was placed in charge of a department. There were employees who represented various holdings of the stock of the company who, seeing me jumped from one position to a better one, conspired against me. But with all their machinations they found it impossible to budge me. Among other things they accused me of being the cause of the loss of one of the best customers of the concern. The very next day I received an advance in salary of a thousand dollars a year.

Though there was no satisfactory explanation of all this, I knew that Mr. Marston, who owned six-tenths of the stock of the company, was at the bottom of it. I was a hard and efficient worker, but there were other employees who worked as hard and as efficiently as I. The matter was more a mystery to me than to the others, for employees of a concern managed by one man power are used to seeing that man take very sudden and inexplicable fancies among those who serve him. While I was filled with wonder, my fellow workmen were simply playing an ordinary game to pull me down and build up themselves.

I had not been with the concern long when Mr. Marston asked me to dine at his house. It was evident the moment I appeared at his home that I was an object of great interest. Mrs. Marston's grasp of the hand, the intensity of her gaze at receiving me, would have astonished me had it not been that I had received so many surprises already. The children all gave evidence of the same interest. I was treated as affectionately as if I had been some dear relative. When I took my leave I was urged to make their home my home, coming and going without ceremony.

I became sufficiently friendly with one of the heads of departments to ask him one day what he considered the cause of Mr. Marston's and his family's kindly treatment of me. He said that Mr. Marston was a very singular man. He had been accustomed to rewarding the employees of the concern for faithful and valuable service suddenly and with no reference to what the reward was given for. It seemed to be a fancy with him, and no one ever questioned or discussed anything he did. This gave no inkling of the reason for my preferential treatment, for it had begun before I had had a chance to earn it.

In two years I was made vice president of the company, and Mr. Marston, who was getting tired of the business, began to throw a great deal of the responsibility he had theretofore taken to himself upon me. I must have developed a certain amount of business capacity or I would not have been able to bear this burden for any considerable period. It was about this time that I married, and Mr. Marston gave me a house. At the time of this gift I led the way for him to tell me why he had so favored me, but he did not avail himself of it. He turned away with a grunt, saying:

"We can't avoid fate, which is much more liable to strike than to coddle us. In the first case it does no good to grumble, and in the second it does no good to wonder. In either event we must accept what she has in store for us."

The secret came out in time. Mr. Marston was taken ill and sent for me to come to see him. I went and, when ushered into the bedroom where he lay, stood transfixed with astonishment. He had been ill two months, during which period I had not seen him. His hair had grown and for about an inch from his scalp was red and the same shade of red as my own, the rest being black. It was evident that he had been accustomed to dye it and during his illness had ceased to do so.

"It is time," he said to me, "that I let you know the reason why I have helped you. It is because some twenty years ago I would have suffered the death of a felon had it not been for you. A third person, who also had red hair like yours and mine, committed a murder. I would have been identified as the murderer had it not been for your opportune appearance with the same or a like shade of hair as the other two. You deserve no credit for having saved me from an ignoble death, but it has given me no end of pleasure and comfort to reward you as the unintentional cause of my escape. I have done it selfishly and for my own satisfaction, not yours.

"I have sent for you to tell you this and to say to you that I shall not again return to the management of the business. Fortunately for us both, you have shown yourself capable of managing a large business like that of the Marston company. I have decided to give you one-twentieth of my holdings of the capital stock of the company, for I think that the manager of a business should be interested in that business with its shareholders, and, with the holdings of my family, you will be able to keep the control. At the election which comes off next month you will be made president. I have no doubt the interests of all concerned will be well served so long as you hold the office."

Why Mr. Marston so long kept from me the cause of his preference for me he did not tell me, but I can see advantages in it. If I did not show myself worthy it would be easier for him to drop me out of the business or leave me among the lower grades of employees. But, as has been said, he was an odd man and had an odd way of doing things.

True, it does sometimes seem as if the world were going to the bad, if we judge from the daily news. But we must consider the enormous increase in population, the fact that "many are running to and fro;" that there is no corner of the earth so dark or distant that the searchlight of modern enterprise does not find it out and explore it; that human nature remains unchanged amid all these changing conditions, retaining still its weaknesses and passions as well as its grand and noble impulses.

To sum it all up:

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But, whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.

And, taking it from the viewpoint of one feminine mind, there was never a generation better worth living in than the generation of today.—Mrs. Mary E. Dustin in Boston Globe.

His View of Lawyers.

Lewis Cass Ledyard said at the Knickerbocker club in New York:

"The old idea about the crookedness of lawyers is dying out."

"True, true," a group of lawyers chorused heartily.

"Yes, the old idea about lawyers' crookedness, as illustrated in the Winterson anecdote, is a thing of the past," resumed Mr. Ledyard.

"A book agent, you know, sought out Winterson in his office and said:

"'I have here, sir, a book that will show you how to be your own lawyer.'

"'Humph,' sneered Winterson, 'if the book showed me how to be somebody else's lawyer I might take it. But what's the good of teaching me how to bleed myself?'"—Detroit Free Press.

New Use For Salt.

"I have seen salt put to many usages," says a local writer, "but the other day to an entirely novel one. A man, obviously 'under the weather,' entered a shop and called for a packet of table salt. On being supplied, he swallowed a couple of mouthfuls and then took a quantity after the fashion of snuff. Then he departed. 'He often does that,' said the shopkeeper; 'it is a grand thing to sober him.'"—Cardiff Western Mail.

The Sublime Porte.

"Sublime porte," frequently used to denote the government of the Turkish empire or the country itself, is derived from the French and means lofty gate. It had its origin in the gateway of the outer court of the seraglio at Constantinople, from which justice was supposed to be administered.

Couldn't Help It.

"Papa, did you ask mamma to marry you?"

"Yes, son."

"Because you loved her?"

"No, because I knew she would marry me whether I asked her to or not."—Houston Post.

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The MacTavish Mystery

It Occurred on Long Island In Colony Days.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the olden time when New York was called New Amsterdam, when the rotund Dutchmen of Manhattan, increasing and multiplying, were spreading eastward on Long Island, meeting the lean Yankee, also increasing and multiplying, from Connecticut, there lived on that coast a family named MacTavish, but recently arrived from bonny Scotland. Long Island in those days was not crowded with settlers, and the Indians were getting scarce.

The MacTavish family lived a lonely life, their home being built on rising ground overlooking the ocean. All day long they listened to the waves rolling in on the sand and watched the gulls hovering over the water, every now and again descending to pounce upon some luckless fish. Farther out on the horizon at rare intervals a sail would appear and while passing served to lessen somewhat the loneliness, for, though they could see only a spot of white canvas, they knew that there were living human beings there.

MacTavish was both farmer and fisherman, giving his personal attention to the latter, while his wife and his eldest son, Alex, attended to the former. The bulk of the product both of the farm and the nets was consumed by the family, but MacTavish would occasionally in summer sail to New Amsterdam with a load of vegetables and when the weather was cold enough to transport fish would carry his hauls to the same market.

One autumn he bade goodby to his wife and children, intending to take a cargo of potatoes and other vegetables to Manhattan. They watched him sail out of the inlet where he kept his boat and, riding the waves, grow less and less in the distance till at last they could see him no longer. Then Dame MacTavish gathered her children about her in the house, as she always did when her husband went on his trips, to keep off the loneliness that persisted in stalking in as he sailed away.

MacTavish was usually absent a week, sometimes more, sometimes less. A week passed, and his family began to look for his return. One, two, three days more elapsed, and they saw nothing of him. When two weeks had gone by and he did not appear his wife began to worry, for he had told her to look for him in from a week to ten days. Still another week slipped by and no sign of the father of the family.

Mrs. MacTavish, now thoroughly alarmed, determined to go to New Amsterdam to learn if her husband had been there. Her only route was by land, and in those days there was no public conveyance. So the family horse was saddled, saddlebags were put on him, containing, besides clothing, a stock of provisions, and leaving Alex, a boy of sixteen, in charge of the other children, she sallied forth on her quest.

Having reached the bank of the East river, leaving her horse, she was ferried across and proceeded to the house of Dietrich Van Vorst, who she knew was accustomed to buy her husband's produce. There she met with a shock. Van Vorst told her that he had seen nothing of her husband. Had MacTavish been there Van Vorst would undoubtedly have seen him, for the town was then a mere cluster of houses gathered about the Battery.

Mrs. MacTavish, though without hope of receiving a different answer, asked others the same question. No one had seen MacTavish. What had become of him? The weather had been fair at New Amsterdam and at the MacTavish home. There could have been no storm to swamp the little boat, nor had there been any fog. The disappearance of the husband and father was a mystery.

There was nothing for the poor woman to do but go back to her home and wait. She started, hoping that she might find her husband there on her arrival. She was disappointed. He had neither come nor sent any word.

Every day that passed added to the discouragement of the mother and her children. One day, a month after MacTavish had sailed away, a neighbor living some ten miles eastward of the MacTavishes went to New Amsterdam. Hearing that he was going, she sent to him requesting him to make inquiries in the town with a view of getting news of her husband. The traveler returned and said that a British ship had arrived and reported having seen off Sandy Hook a deserted fishing smack, with nothing whatever in her except a few scattered potatoes and onions. She was not considered worth bringing in and left where she was. When last seen she was drifting southward along the New Jersey coast.

It was believed that this was MacTavish's boat. If so he must be alive. But why had he deserted her? What had he done with his stock of vegetables? And why had he not returned to his home? In these days men's disappearances are usually attributed to a woman's influence, and the missing man's accounts are investigated. But at that time the women were all married and settled in their homes when very young, and their time was all spent in taking care of their numerous progeny. As to funds, MacTavish had only what his cargo of vegetables would bring, a matter of about $20 in the currency of the present day. Moreover, Mrs. MacTavish was as sure of her husband's affection for her and his children as she was of the rising and the falling of the tide. After the finding of the fishing smack she believed that he was alive. What was keeping him away from her she could not know, but she believed that some day he would return to her. He might do so when she was away, and in this case she wished that he might find everything in condition for his reception. He had always occupied a bedroom alone. His wife kept his room just as it was when he went away so that should he return at night it would be ready for him. Whether her comfort was at the bottom of her action is uncertain. It is likely that the poor woman was trying to comfort herself in knowing that his room was as it had always been and in thinking that it would in time be again occupied.

Two years passed, and not a word was heard from MacTavish. Then one day the family on Long Island received a terrible scare. Toward evening of an autumn day a sail was seen to the westward, much nearer the coast than it was usual for ships to pass. As it came nearer its hull was seen to be very low and its masts very high, enabling it to carry a large amount of canvas. It floated no flag.

These were the days of the buccaneers, whose depredations were largely on the Spanish main intercepting galleons laden with gold from the mines of Mexico, but not averse to attacking any merchantman worth making a prize or ravaging a craft. Long Island had received one or two such visitors, though there was scarcely enough plunder among the scattered settlers to make a landing worth while.

The fears of the MacTavish family were confirmed by seeing a horseman come dashing eastward, who passed the house without stopping, shouting: "A pirate! She's coming up the coast! Go inland as quick as you can!"

Mrs. MacTavish cast a glance at the rakish vessel and, gathering the few valuables of small compass she possessed and taking her children, ran as fast as possible and kept running until she had put several miles between them all and the coast. Coming to a thicket, she entered it, and, sinking on the ground, the family occupied themselves in regaining their exhausted breath.

They remained there the rest of the day. At evening they saw from their hiding place the man who had warned them and called to him. He was looking for them to tell them that he had seen a man dressed in the fashion of a buccaneer on their farm. A fog had rolled in from the ocean and enveloped the pirate ship. They should make sure that the pirate he had seen was not there before they returned. Then he rode away.

Mrs. MacTavish kept her children in the thicket till late that night. Then they began to cry for food, and she concluded to take them to a point near the farm, leave them there and go forward herself to reconnoiter. It was after midnight when she came to a clump of trees a short distance from her house. Leaving the children in care of Alex, she stole forward. There was no sound except the splashing of the waves on the beach beyond nor sign of any one within the building. The fog had cleared away, and the moon in the third quarter shone brightly. Entering the house, she listened. The door of her husband's room was open, and she heard some one breathing in sleep. Tiptoeing to where she could get a view of the chamber, she looked inside. A man was sleeping in the bed.

She drew back. Clothes were on a chair—clothes that she recognized as a pirate's garb. Several pistols and knives lay on a table. The man in the bed must be the pirate who had been seen in the place. She was about to retire in terror when, casting a glance at the buccaneer's face, lighted by the moon, something in it reminded her of her husband. Advancing to get a nearer view, she struck a chair. The man opened his eyes.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, and, throwing off the covers and jumping out of bed, he clasped her in his arms.

Her thought that her husband might return when she was away and find his room ready for him was realized.

After the children had been brought in and the younger ones had been embraced by their father and put to bed MacTavish told his story. On his voyage to New Amsterdam he had been met by a buccaneer, who appropriated his vegetables and gave him the option of joining the pirate crew or walking the plank. He had chosen the former alternative, hoping eventually to make his escape. After he had lived a dreadful life in the West Indies for two years the buccaneer sailed for the north. She passed the Long Island coast and sent boats ashore to loot the settlers and gather provisions. MacTavish had been in one of the boats, and the coming of the fog enabled him to get away from his companions under its cover. The ship had sailed without him, and finding his home deserted, as was to be expected on account of the vicinity of the buccaneer, he had decided to go to bed and await the return of his family.

There was a long period of rejoicing in the MacTavish family at the return of the husband and father, and that was the last of his taking his produce to the city by water.

Mrs. MacTavish lived to be an old woman, and to the day of her death when any one of the family was away from home she would keep the absent one's room ready that it might be occupied by its accustomed inmate. There were frequent departures, but no one of the family ever returned in a pirate's garb.

Bear Baiting In Olden Days.

So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool, especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded," which bruin sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

Power of a Song.

Mme. Marchesi, speaking of the power of song, said: "I was singing at Edinburgh, where I have very good friends in the head master of a big public school and his wife, and it was arranged that I should have supper with them after the concert. One of my songs was Landon Ronald's 'Peace and Rest,' the idea of which is two lovers not separated by death, but lying together in the same tomb. When I came to supper with my friends my host said to me: 'Ah, Mme. Marchesi, that song you sang, "Peace and Rest," had a great effect upon me. I never thought before of my wife and I being separated by death'—I did not wonder at this, for he is a most happy man, full of joy of life—'but since I heard you sing that song I have been thinking hard, and tomorrow I am going to buy a family vault.' I scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry, but in the end we all laughed. And surely this would be hard to beat for an example of 'what a song can do.'"

Perjury Penalties.

Perjury, besides being one of the oldest of offenses in the catalogue of crime, has always been very severely punished. In the days of the Roman empire any one who committed perjury was thrown from a precipice, while the Greeks branded their false swearers. It is interesting to note that when the latter embraced the Christian religion the punishment was altered to that of having the tongue cut out, a sort of punishment which was considered to fit the crime in the early centuries. In the middle ages some countries adopted the system of giving the perjurer the punishment for the crime he falsely accused another of. Thus if he swore a neighbor had committed murder and the charge was disproved the perjurer would be sentenced to death, and the other penalties of the penal code were exacted for the particular crime alleged.

The Stone Age.

The stone age still exists among some of the islanders of the south Pacific and the Eskimos of the extreme north as well as in a few other spots here and there on earth. The progress of early culture in Europe seems to have been from the south and east toward the north and west, so that the emergence of the different peoples from their age of stone was accomplished much earlier in southern and eastern Europe than in the north and west. But, while the stone age of different areas is thus not necessarily synchronous, it seems to be true of all European areas that this is the earliest condition in which man has appeared upon them. This holds for all other areas as well, evidences of the stone age having been fully established in India, China, Japan, Africa and the Americas.

He Who Spares Vice.

He who spares vice or apologizes for it in the places of the world wrongs virtue in every place. He helps the good to look upon it leniently, and thus to lower the tone of morality within themselves. He assists the bad to make it respectable, and thus to give the warrant and license in its imitation, and even in its emulation. He discourages virtue in the humble and poor—the great masses, who form the real basis of society, and upon whose goodness and truth the state must rely for its character before the world and its stability in the world.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

Time and Money.

The counterfeiter was in prison for ten years.

"What are you doing there?" asked a visitor.

"Passing time."

"Ah! What for?"

"Passing money." And the visitor passed on.—Exchange.

Things In Keeping.

"Can you build me a piano and leave the bark on the wood?"

"I guess so," opined the piano salesman.

"I want it for my hunting lodge. We rough it up there, you know."—Judge.

Reverse.

"I always go by the motto, 'If you want a thing well done do it yourself.'"

"Yes, but suppose you want a haircut?"—Boston Record.

First Aid to Cupid.

When a bachelor makes up his mind to get married all he has to do is to stop dodging.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HELPFUL WORDS

From a Bellefonte Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful?
Does it ache especially after exertion?
Is there a soreness in the kidney region?
These symptoms suggest weak kidneys.
If so there is danger in delay.
Weak kidneys get fast weaker.
Give your trouble prompt attention.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.
Your neighbors use and recommend them.
Read this Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. James Rine, 239 W. High St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Some years ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co. and was cured of kidney complaint and backache that had caused me no end of suffering. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and I take pleasure in confirming that testimonial. The cure Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Poisoned Pen at Work.

The State College "Times" says: Some person or persons, presumably at present residents of State College, have been sending anonymous letters through the mails to persons connected with the college and to the college authorities. Some of the most objectionable letters have been submitted to the United States authorities and some interesting developments are likely to follow. It is not safe to use the mails for such purposes. We are further informed that the college authorities make it a habit of ignoring anonymous letters. A person who is not a coward will bring open charges if he has anything to say against another and such charges are always given consideration.

Cures While you Walk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes It instantly takes the sting out of corns itching feet, ingrowing nails, and unions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, ching feet. Try it today. Sold everywhere 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

BYRON W. KING'S SCHOOL OF ORATORY New Building and Dormitory.

Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture. Send for prospectus.
MT. OLIVER, PITTSBURG, PA. 9-18-2t.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE
Crider's Stone Bl'dg
High Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA

Every man should have intimate relations with a good bank, ready at all times to help its patrons. Let us open an account with you. We may prove to be a friend when you need one.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P B CRIDER & SON

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Card.

Harry E. Fenlon,
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H. C. Quigley,
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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
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Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
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Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 8.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	8.35	10. 0	2.07
	Morris	f 8.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 8.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 8.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 8.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 8.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	9.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.49		.....
	Strubles	f 7.45		3.30
	State College	8.00		f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles			f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40		f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50		f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
Dreer's Garden Book
AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
Call or Write — Mailed Free
HENRY A. DREER
714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH, TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Miss Jennie Irvin recently spent several days in Altoona.

Miss Harriet Ray is spending a few days with friends in Altoona.

Mrs. R. Russell Blair returned home from Philadelphia on Monday.

J. Malcolm Heinle, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Bellefonte friends.

Fred Blanchard, of Chicago, visited with Bellefonte friends over Sunday.

We are glad to see our fellow-townsman Frank Blair able to be about again.

Miss Nettie Gill, of Pleasant Gap, spent several days shopping in Altoona this week.

Miss Brill, who was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Aiken, returned on Tuesday to Philadelphia.

Mrs. David Dale and little daughter, Ann Dodd Dale, returned home from the hospital on Tuesday.

The Misses Benner entertained with a farewell party Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. LeRoy Brandon.

Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler entertained at dinner on Saturday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harris.

Mrs. Wesley Bicketts and son, Philip, left on Tuesday for Tyrone where she will make her future home.

Miss Anna McLaughlin has severed her connection with Miss Morgan and is now engaged at the Basket Shop.

Miss Georgia Dagget departed on Tuesday to resume her duties in the Bellevue Hospital, in New York city.

Mrs. Joseph Ceader entertained with a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. George A. Beezer's house guests.

Miss Ethel Shelten, of York, has returned home after a very enjoyable visit at the home of Sheriff and Mrs. A. B. Lee.

Paul Wetzel leaves the latter part of the week for Central America, where he has accepted a position as a civil engineer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider were in Tyrone on Tuesday afternoon in attendance upon the funeral of the late Harry Freeman.

Allen Rumberger, of Philipsburg, was a juror in court this week, and while in town found time to look up some of his old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mingle returned home last Friday after a delightful visit of two weeks in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff and William Burnside were dinner guests at the Theodore Davis Boal home, at Boalsburg, on Wednesday.

Mrs. H. W. Tate, Miss Cannon, Miss Harmer and Miss Olewine comprised a congenial party who walked to Eagles Nest on Friday, taking their lunch with them.

Mrs. Wagner arrived in Bellefonte on Monday and has moved into one of Albert Schad's new properties on Lamb Street. Mr. Wagner is book-keeper for the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

Mrs. L. B. Garber's dancing class for children will open on Friday, November 7th, at 4.15 P. M. Parents desiring to have their children join the class will please notify Mrs. Garber at their earliest convenience. The new dances will be taught.

Dame rumor says that our Bellefonte boys who this year entered Penn State are being well hazed but are taking it with good grace. Being walked until 4 A. M. and appearing at chapel at 8 is going some.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker entertained a few friends on Saturday with a motor trip and dinner at the Country Club, in honor of Miss Marie Rhoder, who returned on Tuesday to her home in Baltimore.

The first meeting of the Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R., will be held on Saturday, October 4th, at the home of Mrs. E. E. Sparks, the State College members being the hostesses. Mrs. Harry Keller will preside.

Beginning with Saturday, next, the Woman's Exchange will occupy the rooms recently vacated by W. Harrison Walker, Esq., on High Street. They will have a tea room in connection with the Exchange.

William Burnside entertained a party of friends at his home up Purdue mountain over Monday night. His guests included Miss Griest and Mise Buck, of Unionville, and Hardman P. Harris and Andrew R. McNitt.

G. Fred Musser, manager for the new wholesale grocery in Bellefonte, has engaged Robert Osman as one of his assistants. A number of carloads of groceries have been received at the store and warehouse at the Phoenix mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Brown, Mrs. William Dawson and Mr. and Mrs. Griffith motored last Friday to Mill Hall and spent the day very pleasantly at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fox, returning home in the evening.

St. Mickael's Day, with its proverbial goose, was celebrated in many Bellefonte homes with special dinners. Dinners were given by the Misses Valentine at 'Burnham", by Mrs. Louisa Bush, by Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker and by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson, the latter entertaining at "The Willows."

Gregg Curtin, a former Bellefonte boy, is visiting in town.

Mrs. Harry Stevenson is visiting with friends in Jersey Shore.

The wedding of Edward L. Gates and Miss Mattie Shutt will be solemnized today.

Ex-County Treasurer George G. Fink, of Martha, greeted friends in town last Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Winey departed on Tuesday for their new home in Connellsville.

Miss Regina Rapp and Mary Dunlap, visited over Sunday with friends in Snow Shoe.

Dr. Edith Schad will depart today for Johnstown, expecting to be gone for several days.

J. Linn Harris attended the meeting of the Republican State Committee in Harrisburg on Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Conley returned on Monday from Philadelphia, where she had spent two weeks in shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Stere, of Unionville, greeted friends in town between trains on Monday afternoon.

Observing the Jewish New Year several Jewish stores in Bellefonte closed yesterday and will not reopen until Saturday morning.

Mrs. G. S. Dumont, of New York, and Miss Alice Case, of Williamsport, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Gephart will move into the apartments in the Benner property, recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Brandon.

The Ladies Aid Society of the United Brethren Church will hold a chicken and waffle supper in the basement of their church on October 9th.

William Takish, general merchant at Clarence and a genial, all-around good fellow, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

The attendance at Garman's Opera House on Monday night to witness "Fine Feathers" would suggest that it pays to present good shows.

David Spitler, of Sandy Ridge, whose motto is promptness, very thoughtfully enclosed us a check a few days ago to mark up the date on his label.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association will meet in the Y. M. C. A. building Monday evening, October 6th, at 8 o'clock.

James M. Coble, of Lemont, was among our friends who in the last few days took the time and trouble to enclose a check advancing his subscription.

J. Howard North, manager for the local branch of the Lauderbach-Barber Co., has rented the Charles R. Kurtz home, on High Street, taking possession this week.

Thomas Mayes returned home from Johnstown on Sunday, being accompanied by Mrs. Mayes, who had been visiting her mother at the latter place for several weeks.

William Rider, one of the right hand men of the Pennsy and who is always on the job at the roundhouse, below town, was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday.

J. J. Nolan, a valued reader of "The Republican" in Chicago, favored us this week with a kindly letter enclosing an express money order advancing the date on the label on his copy of the paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tausig and two interesting little daughters motored here from Harrisburg on Sunday and visited until Monday at the home of Mrs. Tausig's mother, Mrs. Martin Fauble.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dorworth, of Baltimore, Md., arrived in Bellefonte on Saturday morning and are enjoying a week's visit at the home of the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth.

The Bellefonte Academy football eleven played its opening game of the season last Saturday and encountered a surprise in the Altoona apprentice team, the latter winning out 21-0. The visiting eleven included a number of college stars and the Academy was caught napping.

Mrs. George Robb, of Coleville, was called to Sandy Ridge last week by the serious illness of her brother, Patrick Irvin. The latter was in a Philadelphia hospital for a month or more but it was finally concluded that the physicians could do nothing more for him and that he should return to his home.

The editor of "The Republican" volunteers as a witness to the high grade of cider being pressed these days by Clyde Peters at Milesburg. Every day in the week except Saturday witnesses a procession of wagons loaded with apples heading for the Milesburg cider press, and while the job is at times rather strenuous Mr. Peters is able to handle it to the satisfaction of his patrons.

The Tyrone "Herald" of Monday noted the folowing: "Last week Extra Conductor Sidney Barlett and family of Altoona, moved to Tyrone and are residing on Fourteenth street. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Barlett entertained Mr. Barlett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Barlett, of Bellefonte; Misses Mary and Anna Hull, of Bellefonte, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dry, of Tyrone. Tyrone extends a cordial welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Barlett and their splendid family of young folks."

R. B. HOLTER DEAD

Passed Away Last Week After Extended Illness.

Robert Bower Holter, for a number of years a resident of Bellefonte and a writer of the Howard news letter in "The Republican", died at 6 o'clock on Thursday evening, September 25th, his death being the culmination of an extended illness. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from the home of his wife's mother, Mrs. William L. Steele, on Pine Street, and were largely attended, testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held in this community. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church, assisted by Rev. C. C. Shuey. Both paid beautiful tributes to the memory of one who had been a patient sufferer for so long. In attendance at the funeral were a number of old home friends of the deceased from Howard. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Bower Holter, as he was best known, was a young man of sterling integrity, a thorough Christian and member of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a natural-born writer and student. His Howard news letters to "The Republican" were always interesting to residents of that place and vicinity. He was a pains-taking, conscientious worker in whatever he undertook to do. His unassuming, gentlemanly manner won for him a wide circle of admiring friends. By all who knew him the news of his death was received with sincere sorrow.

The deceased was born at Howard on January 19, 1879, making his age 34 years, 8 months and 6 days. He was a son of Henry C. and the late Mary A. Holter. On October 5, 1905, he was married to Miss Julia D. Steele, of Bellefonte, who survives with one son, Daniel H., aged 5 years. Surviving are these brothers and sisters of the deceased: Daniel, Philip, Walter, of Howard; John, of Johnsonburg; Mrs. Almeda Kundts, Mrs. Lizzie Gordon and David Holter, of Columbus, Ohio; Cameron B., of Altoona; Mrs. Nannie Thompson, of Orviston. The six brothers served as casket bearers at the funeral.

NO AUTO PLANT

Proposition to Build Extensive Factory Here Abandoned.

Bellefonte's dream of having an extensive automobile factory erected and in operation before Christmas has gone the way of most dreams. Indications are that the boys will be playing baseball on the old glass works meadow next summer just as they have been doing for many years. This was to have been the site for the auto plant. The money was subscribed locally and the site purchased, but it has been deeded back to the Bellefonte Board of Trade for the reason that it will not be needed for manufacturing purposes for the present, at least.

Inability on the part of the promoters to dispose of bonds explains the collapse of the project which several months ago had all the appearance of being a sure thing. Without the sale of bonds to a stipulated amount the Messrs. Blakely, of Franklin, were unwilling to put up the money expected from them, and as a result the project fell through.

Last week W. P. Seig and J. P. Harbold, who expected to be identified with the new auto plant, took charge of the Bellefonte Engineering Co. business at the old Lingle foundry. The details of the transfer were closed up on Thursday, too late for publication in "The Republican" and other local newspapers which are issued early Thursday morning. In deference to the wishes of Messrs. Seig and Harbold publication was deferred until the transfer had been consummated.

It is understood that Mr. Seig and Mr. Harbold expect to conduct a general foundry and machine shop business, including the manufacture of power hammers, and at some future time engage in the building of automobiles.

Death of Bright Boy.

Isaac Shannon, the bright young son of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Shannon, of Sandy Ridge, died last Sunday night from typhoid fever. The lad was aged 14 years, 4 months and 9 days and was popular with his young friends. His parents and several brothers and sisters survive to mourn his passing away.

J. C. Stere, of Unionville, was a business visitor in town between trains on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen S. Garman motored over from Tyrone on Monday to witness "Fine Feathers" here that night at the Opera House. On the return trip on Tuesday they were accompanied by Mrs. Edward Garman and Mrs. Rebie Cruse.

Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Hayes departed yesterday for Philadelphia, expecting to remain there for the winter. For the comfort of Dr. Hayes, who has been none too rugged for some time past, the trip was made in a private parlor car.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Cromar, of Baldwinsville, New York, are mourning the death of an infant child. For a time the condition of the young mother was critical, but now she is improving nicely and her complete recovery is assured. Mrs. Cromar will be recalled by her many Bellefonte friends as formerly Miss Eva Crissman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crissman, of this place.

If You Haven't Seen the New

Suits and Overcoats

we've got ready for you--don't wait any longer. The new models are better than you've ever seen; the prices are easy. You've a great treat in store for you when you come here--We've a selection to offer--surpassing any of our former showings. Style goodness--style extreme--style conservative--in a diversity of materials and fabrics that is unusual. For the fellow who wants to be a little ahead--we've new English models--made especially to our specifications and ideas that are really advanced styles--Styles other clothiers won't show until next season.

For the conservative dresser we've refined, handsome models that are absolutely correct without being destinctive--Smart, every one of them.

Price range is $10—$12.50—$15—$18 and higher—You'll find a suit or overcoat here to measure up to your taste at what everprice you care to invest—and the fullest value at each price.

New Velvet Neckwear--New Soft Hats in the favored Blues and Browns, in this week.

STORE WILL BE CLOSED SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

BELLEFONTE, STATE COLLEGE

Here's A Store With A Standard

Every since we've been in business we have tried to maintain a standard of perfect service.

That we have succeeded is attested to by hundreds of well satisfied customers and is further borne out by the fact that we hold the exclusive agency for the best Hand-Tailored Clothes from Rochester.

These clothes have so long been in the forefront of ready-tailored garments that we consider it high honor to represent them in this town.

Perhaps you'll understand us better when you've seen the wonderful new Fall Suits and Overcoats.

Why not inspect them at once?

Montgomery & Co.